

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

PRINCIPAL MANLEY of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute in a recent letter to the "Globe" strongly favors graded fees and scholarships instead of free tuition in the lower forms. Mr. Manley will find it difficult to convince either the School Board, reorganized and somewhat improved as it is, or the people generally, that the collegiate institutes are not or should not be a portion of the free school system. The less education parents have and the less effort they have made to obtain it, either for themselves or their children, the more insistent they are apt to be that every portion of our educational system and text books should be without money and without price for pupils of every grade of intelligence, and should be offered to them, together with a free lunch, a bath and music lessons, on every corner, from the time they have learned to walk until they are old enough to get married. If Principal Manley can inject some good sense into the popular mind on this subject he will be doing this city and province a great kindness. He has begun right by objecting to the collegiate institutes being flooded and the time and energy of the teachers greatly limited by free pupils in the lower forms. These schools are not free and should not be, and the attempt to make them so, Mr. Manley points out, has not been a success. The pupils are frequently and unnecessarily absent, and parents are persistently requesting that their children be permitted to leave school before the close of the day's work. Truly enough, what costs nothing is valued accordingly. The elementary school system is free because to a certain extent in Canada, as it is to the full extent in Germany, the child up to twelve years old is considered a ward of the state and must be saved from illiteracy, not only by the presence of good and free schools, but by a proper supervision of the subjects taught in those schools and a careful elimination of controversial topics. The free school system is not to prepare boys and girls for the learned professions, nor to supply them with accomplishments not absolutely necessary as the foundation of good citizenship. The secondary schools in this province carry the pupil from the end of the Fourth Reader to matriculation in the University, and while they should be brought to the greatest possible perfection they should also be made self-supporting. Mr. Manley's suggestion with regard to scholarships providing free tuition for those promising pupils who can earn distinction in the free schools, provides an opportunity for the children of the poor to work their way up to further eminence, and an honor record in the Collegiate Institute should provide free tuition in the University. There is no reason why rich men should not leave a portion of their wealth to provide the bare necessities of life for those winning scholarships—indeed, it would be much better to do this than to endow chairs in colleges, for the state should provide the tuition, but cannot venture into the providing of board and lodging for even the most brilliant students.

Of course it would be argued that if the collegiate institutes and University are made more expensive the children of the poor will be excluded. That this is not true will not make the argument less difficult to overcome. Watery-eyed sentiment is no argument, but it is an effective means of obtaining that which reason refuses. If parents felt that their children's free schooling would end at twelve or thirteen years of age they would pay more attention to getting as much as possible out of the tuition at hand; they would try to get their boys and girls to learn the necessary things and to learn these things. It would not be necessary to pursue the present cramming process to any greater extent than now, though this evil is greatly exaggerated. The child going into business or a workshop or out to service does not need complex mathematics or half the frills that are forced upon dull or unwilling pupils. The studies which torment the evening life of the elementary pupil are very largely preparatory to an effort to pass the High School entrance examination; whether the pupils and parents know it or not, this is the case. Youngsters can easily be given a splendid and robust preparatory education so that they can be the masters of reading, writing and arithmetic such as are found necessary in primary business or mechanical work. They may be taught, before they are twelve, to speak and write the English language correctly and to make computations such as the small boy begins with in business and are necessary to the equipment of the little housewife. The majority of professional men in this city were brought up on farms, had no advantage of a graded Public school and had to plow through snow, through all kinds of weather, for long distances, to reach the school-house. They had to do chores night and morning, and were forced to pay their board and High School fees in some neighboring town. Many of them had to teach school before they could see a university or college, and yet they are ahead of the town-bred men who as youngsters were over-taught and over-pampered and got things too easily.

The new School Board can do its best work in revising our free school system and reducing it to an absolutely sound elementary basis. They should cut off the free fringes of the High schools and make them nearly self-supporting as possible. Fees might be graded, and scholarships, too, should be added, and I am still of the opinion, and very strongly of the opinion, that one of our three Collegiate Institutes should be specially set apart for the education of girls and young women, for in the years when lads and lasses are neither boys and girls nor men and women the more they are each kept under the eye of their own sex and apart from the other in play hours and unconventional places, the better. Without repeating details of the Girls' Collegiate Institute, let me simply reiterate the idea I have more than once so strongly urged, that instead of so many ladies' schools in Toronto the teaching institutions should be provided by the city, amply equipped, rigidly inspected, and brought up to a standard such as none of the ladies' schools dream of at present, and that residences and dormitories could then be provided for out-of-town students, either by clever ladies as their own enterprises or established by the various religious denominations, in proximity to the ladies' Collegiate Institute, and in these homes for young women let the refinements be taught and a discipline exercised such as parents desire when they send their daughters away to school. The ladies' colleges, on which so much money is expended, are not inspected, the standards are irregular and poor, the majority of the teachers are inefficient, and little more than a polished bluff is made at giving girls a higher education. Canada, with its great areas remote from good schools, is more than any other country with which I am acquainted absolutely devoid of institutions where a girl growing into young womanhood may be safely sent to obtain the refinements which perhaps she does not see at home, and a real education as well, necessary to equip her for a teaching or professional life or to preside over a cultured home. Thousands of Protestants send their children to convents in Canada because the Protestant ladies' schools do not come up to their standard of refinement and discipline; and everyone knows who has met convent-bred girls that while they are refined the education they obtain is superficial. The schools are not inspected by the Government, nor, indeed, intended to more than give a veneer of education. Let those who want the Bible and religion taught in our collegiate institutes and colleges provide residences adjacent to colleges and collegiate institutes for young men and women; they will do good, be well patronized, and a great bone of contention will be removed from the state educational system. Moreover, Toronto would then attract hundreds of young women from a distance and make money for our tradesmen while aiding in making our Girls' Collegiate Institute of even higher grade than Upper Canada College.

THE Grand Valley Radial cars were run between Brantford and Paris last Sunday, much to the disgust of the clergymen of both places. The trips were made every hour, and large crowds were carried both ways and visited Grand Valley Park, which is midway between the two points. The road has a Dominion franchise and the Lord's Day Alliance are waiting before they take action to see whether the

Dominion authorities will do anything for them by way of legislation. The Alliance hopes that supervision as to Sunday travel, even on the lines of transportation companies working under Dominion charters, will be given to the provinces. The Federal authorities had much better keep the power they at present possess, for in the smaller realms of provincial politics parish issues are given altogether too much importance. That large crowds of people patronized the Paris and Brantford cars indicates a popular desire for a means of getting about on Sunday, and if any evidence is required that Sunday cars do not mean disorderly gatherings or an incentive to rowdiness, the Dominion legislators might come to Toronto and see the thousands of passengers who are carried on Sunday without the slightest tendency towards the bacchanalian orgies that were predicted. Last Sunday I went over the Belt Line and out to Long Branch; the cars were crowded, but the people were good-natured and enjoying themselves in the most harmless way. I failed to see a sign of hard drink or to hear a cross word or a rude expression, and rummaged my mind in vain to find a germ of evil in crowds which were over seventy-five per cent. women getting about with the same facility on Sunday as on week days.

A DEPUTATION from the District Labor Council has recently been instructed to wait upon the Minister of Education and urge that "a handbook be supplied to every Public school in Ontario giving a brief history of the struggles of militarism v. citizenship, wealth v. labor, bribery and corruption v. honor and right, selections from the Bible, and extracts from the writings of Carlyle, John Ruskin, etc., showing what the great leaders of humanity have taught to be the duty of man towards his country, his ancestors, and the whole race of humanity."

This is rather a large order to toss into the lap of an educational department which is already too busy to do things right. Whoever wrote the resolution must have had in view a compendium of pretty much everything that is

eternal terms to the fires of purgatory. No, thanks, messieurs and statesmen of the Labor Senate, the school system of this country has holes enough in the heels of its stockings without ripping the whole thing up the leg.

SOME of the leading men of the Baptist Church in Canada are strongly advising members of their denomination in St. Thomas to refuse to pay any portion of the bonus of \$15,000 recently voted by that city to the Alma Ladies' College, a Methodist institution. These gentlemen say that they are not opposed to the money being paid to a Methodist school as such, but entirely on the grounds of their long established opposition to any connection between Church and State. They are quite right, and I hope that this question will be brought to a straight issue, either by passive resistance or more aggressive measures. As one may be strenuously opposed to such affairs as the one in Sturgeon Falls, by which the Roman Catholic ratepayers obtained a religious advantage, without feeling the slightest animosity to the Catholic people or to the Roman Catholic religion, so one may be bitterly opposed to the paying of \$15,000 of public money in St. Thomas to be raised from people of all sorts of beliefs and disabilities by public taxation, without feeling the slightest hostility to the Methodist Church or to its creed. It is only narrow people who confuse a public act and the personality of those who may be indirectly the beneficiaries but are not the instigators of it; St. Thomas wanted the college to remain in that city, and voting the money was a civic rather than a Methodist mistake when proposed, but developed into the latter when accepted. The same narrowness refuses to believe that principle instead of prejudice excites the opposition of those who are always on record as averse to the taxation of helpless minorities for the benefit of powerful denominations. Paying taxes for Public schools is like paying postal fees, water rates, and for police protection. Taxes for Separate schools are, in Ontario, loading the majority for the support of a creed in which they do not believe and

A couple of instances of the wide difference there is between the Irish and French-Canadian Catholics are reported from the neighborhood of Ottawa. The Irish Catholics of Cornwall declared that they would give no financial assistance to the University of Ottawa unless it was made an English-speaking institution. The County Lodge of Hibernians met in Ottawa last week and endorsed most emphatically the position of the Irish Catholics of Cornwall. This attitude has been rather embarrassing to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and the prominent prelates who assembled a few days ago to lay the cornerstone in the rebuilding of the institution.

Everyone who knows the politics of Ottawa and Montreal is aware of the bitter rivalry between the Irish and the French—French-Canadian is a devout Catholic, almost as much so as his Irish brother, but in this connection it will be remembered that while all the hierarchy opposed Laurier in 1896 the French-Canadians clung to their race and determined to have one of their own people as Premier, even if they had to rebel against the mandates of their spiritual rulers. The Irishman does not particularly love the Englishman or anything English, but it will appear from the instances quoted above that he has a strong preference for the English language, and I certainly feel as if he was absolutely right in his contention, for while we may have great tolerance and even affection for French-Canadians, yet nobody seems quite like a fellow-citizen who does not speak English, even if he prefers French.

IT is to be hoped the first visit of the "Globe" editor to the Woodbine races will have a broadening effect on a mind which has hitherto been too much fettered by parish politics and cloister consultations. The fact that the visit to the races of a man occupying so prominent a position should cause comment, makes it seem ridiculous that a presumably great secular newspaper is in charge of an editor who is yet taken out to see the world like a boy escorted to the circus by both parents, a full outfit of grandparents, and half a dozen uncles and aunts. Truly his cosmopolitan knowledge must be huge and his advice on wide affairs of incalculable value.

A LONDON scientist, while traveling between St. Paul and Chicago one day last week, lost a small tin case containing several thousand bacilli of the dreaded Indian plague. This is another example of the folly of carting these things around the country as if they were a basket of eggs or something else equally harmless. Every civilized country has stringent laws to prevent the importation or transportation from one part of the country to another of persons suffering from any serious contagious disease, but doctors and other experimenters are permitted to do pretty much what they like with the real source of danger—the disease bugs themselves. Experimenting may be very necessary in the interests of medical science and of humanity, but it should be under the strictest kind of governmental supervision. Anyone discovered importing bombs or other varieties of dangerous explosives is promptly requested to explain his reason for having them in his possession, yet he may ramble all over the country with a can of germs more destructive to human life than twenty tons of dynamite. There is something eminently stupid in this kind of inconsistency. Scientists may be a more reliable class than the people at large, but they are not so reliable that they should be permitted to hold the lives of a whole continent in a dinky little bottle or tin can in their pockets.

IT is sweet to see brethren dwelling together in unity, but the volume of brotherly love shown by the clergymen of the three denominations which have been discussing the feasibility of union has been suspiciously great. I can remember the time when these three sects used to fight as bitterly as the three Popes of Rome when that great religious organization had a trio of pontiffs, each engaged in cursing the others and excommunicating them with bell, book and candle. Two score years is not very long, and the creeds have changed less and the people less than popular methods of thinking and acting, noticeable alike both within and without the various denominations. Materialism has to a certain extent taken the place of spirituality, and the churches, once most anxious to be considered set apart from the world, are now outrunning others in a desire for splendor, success, and what may be considered as little better than a superior class of entertainment.

As was suggested on this page a couple of weeks ago, church union means little more to the majority of those willing to unite, though entertaining dissimilar views, than the staking out of common ground upon which the members of the three churches may meet without pulling one another's hair. To put it more broadly, the union is apparently Trinitarian in belief and Christian in affection, but otherwise is on a basis of non-essentials; that is to say, the denominations are to gather together on a flimsy crust of expediency with little or no better foundation than the quicksands of errors common to them all. When I speak of "error" I refer to what has been hitherto held by the pious of these sects to be the "weak and beggarly elements of the world." For instance, the Methodists approach the Presbyterians, doubtless, with a basis of union which does not condemn dancing, card-playing and theater-going. These things were once regarded by the Presbyterians as "secular," and are still held to be so by the Methodists. By abandoning a few of these prohibitions the discipline of all three churches can be assimilated. Presbyterian ministers and laymen have always been entitled to their glass of hot Scotch without condemnation. The Methodists are strong prohibitionists, and another "error"—the abandonment of the teetotal plank—becomes a foundation stone of union.

It was not my purpose, however, to go into details, but to call attention to the fact that our dearly beloved brother editor of the "Guardian" has both hands in the wool of the dearly beloved brother editor of the "Canadian Baptist." Contrariwise, the d. b. b. of the "Canadian Baptist" has got the grapevine on the d. b. b. of the "Guardian" and threatens to give him a bad throw-down on the question of Church and State. I am with the Baptist brethren from early dawn till late at night in abhorring any connection between the gathering of taxes and the conversion of souls. Chancellor Wallace, in a letter to the "Baptist," finds the "propaganda now being conducted by the Sabbath School Association of Ontario in favor of reading the Bible in Public and High schools," an alarming indication of a raid by the united bodies upon the purely non-denominational nature of our educational system. He strongly dissents from the statement made in one of the daily papers: "This is a point upon which all the churches are agreed." He believes that uniform readings would be possible, but he holds, naturally enough, that the various denominations desire Bible readings for a "religious" reason, and asks, "If the adoption of Bible readings for a religious reason is not in essence a linking of church and state, what is it?" He adds, "We agree that the Christian religion should be promoted, but when the state is invoked to aid in this work—Baptists must protest." In conclusion he remarks, "It is significant that the Sabbath School Association sees hope for the success of its purpose in the proposed union of certain evangelical churches. And is it not OMINOUS also?"

The editor of the "Baptist," in commenting on the proposed union, calls it "reversal to type." This, he points out, "means return to a less perfect type. This is liable to happen when denominations unite. It has happened already in Canada. . . . Before the union of the several Methodist bodies in this country there was one section of the Methodist denomination that held strongly to the principle of total separation of church and state. But unfortunately a stronger Methodist body was not clear on this matter, and hence we find that the Methodist denomination in Canada to-day—made up of several parts—in this respect has reverted to the lower type. No section of that church, and, so far as we are aware,



THE CLIMAX.

Leader Borden—Never mind, old chap, we've kicked loud and long to keep him from going through.

taught in the universities, the churches, the Public, Separate, Night and Sunday schools, and in the lessons of life itself. To prepare such a book to the satisfaction of any of the many sections of the great labor and socialistic bodies is next to impossible. A book to suit the majority would be almost a miracle; one to suit them all as impossible as to get a labor union to demand a reduction of wages. Who, for instance, should write "the history of the struggles of Militarism v. Citizenship?" Who could tackle "Wealth v. Labor" without giving deadly offense to both those who lack the penny and those who possess the pound? Who would undertake "Bribery and Corruption v. Honor and Right?" Could Ross or Whitney be agreed upon and if Gurney or Stratton got the job wouldn't there be a kick? Who would make the "selections from the Bible?" The very suggestion to get a man or a committee to do this excites wild visions of uproar! Who is to decide "what the great leaders of humanity have taught to be the duty of man towards his country, his ancestors, and the whole race of humanity?" Probably if the Labor Council were to undertake this latter task we might guess the ideas which would be expressed, for at the same meeting when the above instructions were given to the deputation strong views were expressed in favor of sending a delegate to England to protest against the coming of immigrants of the trades and artisan class to this country. We know that the labor unions have no use for that section of "the whole race of humanity" which has a brown or yellow skin, and that many letters have been written to England slanderously—from a patriotic point of view—saying that help is not needed here, and that high prices do not prevail for labor; this is said even though enterprises of all kinds and the country generally may be injured by such communications. The artisan and the farm laborer, as far as the Labor Council is concerned, can starve in England rather than come out here and be prosperous if wages in this country are to be affected in the slightest degree. The Mongolian can eat rice and rats and die of rotteness in an overcrowded country, yet it is esteemed the "duty" of these people who want a Labor text-book to keep him from all countries where labor is needed and enlightenment of the laborer may be a portion of the result. How this jibes at "the duty of man towards his country and the whole race of humanity!" The Labor text-book that is asked for is probably not quite as narrow as the one expected, but the Roman Catholic Church having achieved such wonders in leading the politicians of this country by the nose, the Labor agitators see an opportunity of thrusting themselves into the strife with a hope of making trouble and teaching socialism at the expense of the State. The Labor vote is certainly a large one, but it cannot hope to be manipulated with such astuteness and the vote polled as solidly as the one which is controlled by the hierarchy, which cannot only threaten to lock the church doors against recalcitrants, but send the disobedient down for indefinite or

which is not esteemed as of any benefit to them. Taxing St. Thomas for the benefit of the Methodist Church is an equally reprehensible loading of sectarianism upon the public rates. While the editor of the "Star" a week or two ago sneered at the Protestants of Sturgeon Falls for an alleged attempt at "petty larceny" from the Roman Catholics, the Baptists are demonstrating that they at least have not lost sight of the old doctrine that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Other denominations and those who profess no creed are not represented on the Separate School Board and they certainly have nothing to say in the management of Methodist colleges. Let the whole business be stopped right here and now!

ON two weeks from last Wednesday, by peremptory order of Judge Winchester, Mr. Alfred Macdougall is to be tried for an offence for which he was arrested nearly two years ago. Of course there was expert evidence to show that he is unfit physically and mentally to appear in court, but there was also considerable to indicate that the man who is fit to get up and go downstairs for his meals is not physically incapacitated, and nothing has been shown to prove that he is mentally unfit to face the trial which he has so long escaped. The proposition to try him in his bedroom or to bring him into court on a stretcher excited the vehement protest of his counsel, but I am sorry to think that respect for justice will be damaged to a much greater extent by further delays than by even a fatality as the result of a trial. For Mr. Macdougall personally I have had the kindest feeling, for I always found him a pleasant man to meet, and his disposition was always gentle and not vicious. These things, however, have no bearing on the subject of whether a man who is generally suspected of a serious crime should receive such extended immunity from trial on the plea of sickness. It is bad business, and as I have reluctantly pointed out more than once, is causing a very general suspicion that all men are not equal in the eye of the law. This suspicion is an intolerable one, and if I were in Mr. Macdougall's situation I would much prefer to die facing the results of my alleged misconduct than to even temporarily escape in a manner calculated to damage respect for law and order and thereby intensify the evil influence of any wrongdoing of which I might be accused.

MANKIND is more strongly attached to race than to religion, and it has been frequently pointed out that if the priesthood of Ireland went counter to the Irish racial impulses the most loyal people in the world to the Church would stand by their race and adapt their religion to their racial necessities. The strong hold that the Church has on the Irish Catholic people is thus no doubt accounted for, for the priesthood are more Irish than their parishioners.

no great man in that church, is to-day lifting up a protest against the Methodist denomination receiving public funds to aid it in carrying forward its institutions. But, on the other hand, there are leaders of that denomination who frankly and openly argue that it is entirely proper for the Government to work as a partner in the Christian educational work of the Methodist denomination. They base their argument on the claim that such work in a benefit to the country. If any man is left among the Methodists who realize that this argument leads logically to a union of church and state, he is hiding his light under a bushel.

The editor of the "Baptist" believes "that the organic union of these three denominations might be a calamity to Canada, or at any rate to Ontario," though he thinks it possible "that the Roman Catholics would help to preserve the balance at Ottawa by resisting Protestant interference with public funds unless equal favors were shown to themselves." He goes on to speak of the probability of this united church becoming so powerful as to practically bully governments as the Roman Catholics now do, and reminds those who think that this sort of thing is an absurd fear "of the attempt in St. Thomas to compel its taxpayers to contribute \$15,000 to a Methodist college of that town; and that the taxpayers of Kingston not long ago were compelled by a majority of the voters to contribute large sums to Queen's University, a Presbyterian institution, etc." Sort of a Sturgeon Falls game, come to think of it! All this is warm material intending to prove, and I think pretty clearly proving, "reversal to type" and a going back in doctrine of these "nonconformist bodies" while moving up to some point of material advantage, where by multitude of numbers and dominant influence they can occupy much the same position in the Protestant world as that now occupied by the Roman Catholics in regard to dominating governments and getting their hand into the public treasury for so-called religious purposes.

The saying of which has excited the ire of the d. b. b. of the "Christian Guardian," who taunts the new editor of the "Baptist" with bad taste in injecting himself into the arena "in Donnybrook fashion, by thwacking peaceable bystanders over the head and daring them to tread on the tail of his coat." After declining to be engaged in a fight the "Guardian" makes the following serious admission: "So far as Methodists are concerned, the 'Canadian Baptist' ought to know that there never was a day when that section of the denomination which held strongly to the separation of church and state was not in favor of a co-operation of the Church and the Government in the work of education on some general scheme, equally fair to all denominations—a scheme under Act of Parliament like University Federation, and not under party control, like that of special annual grants. By separation of church and state we do not understand that the Church is never to help the State or the State the Church." So! I ask the unprejudiced reader if there is not ample ground for the suspicion aroused amongst the Baptists that the new denomination, if amalgamation ever takes place, is likely to start on a hunt for leaves and fishes to be handed out by the State? Indeed, I cannot see any other object, except in missionary work, which will be served by a union which must mean the abandonment of what has been considered as essentials, that a common camping-ground may be found in materialistic territory, no matter how overgrown it is with the weeds and thistles of "false doctrines" as so many of the campers have hitherto held. It may be that union will bring things to a climax of religio-political evils, which in turn will cause a great campaign against state aid of any church—by exemption from taxes or otherwise—without those engaging in it being specially pointed out as enemies of Rome. If so, liberal Catholics and Protestants alike will fight, and fight successfully, for a complete and final separation of politics and priesthood.



"King's Plate Day" last Saturday was a record breaker in more than three ways. In the first place the weather cleared in the very nick of time to give the track a chance to attain the exact perfection of condition for running, and the surrounding country and the lawns of the Jockey Club to look their best. Then there were more horses than usual entered by prominent and well-liked people and the entries were of a high class of merit. Furthermore, there were lords and ladies from all parts to see the fun, and the biggest and smartest of family parties from Holmstead, Benvenuto, Clover Hill, Woodburn; a smart and sporty contingent from London; the first gentleman in

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Opening of the new clubhouse of the High Park Golf Club, Saturday, May 21st, 1904.

Canada and the first soldier, each attended duly, the fairest flower of all, the first daughter of His Excellency, and our own Lieutenant-Governor and his party. There were senators grave and gay and officers serious and sporty. All these were grouped upon the emerald lawn on Saturday last, waiting for the Governor-General to lead the way to luncheon at 1.30. The grand stand was empty, the lesser stand yawning darkly void, the crowd was journeying out King street, but for this charming quart d'heure of loitering the flower-like groups in their lovely gowns, the men in "simple dignity" as one quaintly expressed his Sunday hat and coat, had the place to themselves. The members' car from the Queen's was crowded, some gallant persons being strapholders all the way. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie and their sons and daughters and one pretty niece were a radiant party, Mrs. Hendrie in a lovely cream lace dress; the head of the house in a suit of tiny black and white shepherd's plaid. Mrs. Adam Beck was as sweet as ever in palest blue with a wide brimmed hat, and a long light dust wrap. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritchie and their debutante were of the company, so were Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott and their young friend, Miss Eva Comer of Birmingham, Ala. Mr. D. W. Alexander was alone, and I heard a woman admiring his very handsome brocade waistcoat of silver grey and black. Mr. Nicol Kingsmill brought his daughters, Mr. Langmuir brought Miss Langmuir; Colonel Otter, looking perfectly well, and Mrs. Otter were of the party; so were Mr. Barwick, Senator and Mrs. Kerr and Colonel and Mrs. Reade of Kingston. Mrs. Reade wore a charming white India silk and lace gown under a dust wrap, and the most becoming quaint chapeau of deep champagne tint, crowned with flowers and with soft trimmings of pale violet satin. She is a very pretty, bright, attractive English lady. Sir Henry and Lady Geary and the Misses Geary also went down to the luncheon by the car, which arrived the first of several at the Woodbine. Lord Dunsford and Captain Newton, his nephew and aide, presently arrived, and His Excellency, Lady Eileen Elliott, Captain Bell, A.D.C., Mr. Sladen and Mr. Guise were soon on the lawn. Lady Kirkpatrick drove out and her carriage came to the lawn gate. Presently followed the Government House carriage with His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark, who also alighted at the lawn gate and were met by Mr. Hendrie. Lord Minto then led the way to the luncheon-room, where tables of all shapes and sizes were set within the horseshoe banquet-board which had seats reserved for the few titled guests and a few others who sought themselves as they pleased. Senators finding themselves in good company forbore to rank their neighbors, and one of the vice-regal party was at the far end of the horseshoe, having a good chat with the Dymetys, father and son. Let us hope he got a correct tip for the King's Plate from his environment. It was a very smart and very large luncheon, and those who came late and had not friends at court to reserve snug places had to sit where room could be found. Mrs. H. C. Osborne and her guest, Mrs. Maude, were among the lucky late-comers. Mr. Beck and Mr. Clinch wandered about in search of a spare chair, but soon found what they sought. The room was beautifully decorated, and the luncheon was quickly and nicely served. The other private cars had brought freight of fair women and their escorts and the number of the guests mounted up towards the second hundred. Dr. Smith had his sons and daughters. A contingent from Ottawa included Senator Mcweeney and Mr. Hance Logan, beau garçon as usual, Mrs. Cockburn Clewlow in black lace outlined in gold, and Miss Gwendolyn Clewlow in a shirred dress of deep blue shantung silk with wide cream lace insertions. Mr. Talbot, Mr. Northrup of Belleville, Judge Finkle and down from Woodstock, and Mr. George Christie Gibbons and his daughters from London. Mr. R. J. Christie brought his lovely wife, who looked very well in white lace with large hat. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill had two English guests with them. Mrs. Osborne again essayed the white and emerald green in which she looked so stunning last season, but this gown was even more becoming than the other; large coin discs of green beaded the borders of the creation and the hat with green plume was draped with one of the long ample veils which hang to the waist behind. Mrs. Osborne's distinctive beauty was never more queenly than on Saturday. There was a very charming group in an east box where Mrs. Mulock, Dr. Bruce's two charming guests and Mrs. Haydn Horsey were a beauty group full of bright, jolly interest. In the box which was at the disposal of the vice-regal party Lady Eileen quipped it for a short time, looking more like a sweet white flower than ever, and with a huge bunch of Marguerites tied with gauze ribbons, for there was set a tall crystal vase. The flowers on the luncheon tables were extremely pretty this year; one table, I think for Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's party, being quite charming with roses and other blooms. It would be quite impossible to mention a tithe of the beautiful gowns and their wearers which were the glory of King's Plate Day. Mrs. Bickford and Mrs. Norton were in the gayest party. Mrs. Norton very distinguished in a black gown inserted with wide cream silk lace and a very large black lace chapeau. Mrs. Eddie Seagram was extremely pretty in palest blue barred satin and Brussels lace, a sumptuous gown, with a soft tulle bow spread under her dimpling chin and a lovely white hat. Mrs. Gordon Osler's "bebe" hat of stiff frills of lace and Alsatian bow of pale soft blue satin ribbon divided the honors for novelty with that of a lovely girl visiting in Toronto for the first time. Mrs. Osler's hat was a masterpiece, which layed from the middle of the hat crown, billowed over the brim and at times half shadowed the most piquant of faces. The delicate features, beautiful dark eyes and smiling lips caused many a head to turn as the fascinating girl in the cloud of chiffon passed. Mr. and Mrs. Amelius Baldwin brought their pretty young daughter and Mrs. Baldwin greeted her brother, Mr. Roddy Pringle of Cobourg, when she espied him on the lawn. Lieutenant-Colonel Stinson brought a bevy of beauties to the course and afterwards drove them out to dinner at the Hunt Club. Mrs. Maude wore a soft black gown with Dresden flowers "imprimé" and Mrs. Harry Osborne her loveliest gown, a white lace and chiffon panelled with white satin painted with soft pink flowers, and a most becoming white hat. Mrs. Barwick, who finds her hands very full trying to be domestic (there is a tiny claimant at Mrs. Ewart Osborne's for her spare moments) and patronize sport at the same time, looked very well in a handsome gown and wide-brimmed hat. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a beautiful ecru lace costume and a becoming toque, and with her father looked well after Mrs. and Miss Leverich, who since giving up their house in Jarvis street spent a few days at Liawhaden. Mrs. Young of London wore a trim tailor-made suit, and came with her soldier son, Mrs. Elmsley and her son and daughter were a handsome family group. Miss Elmsley, like Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Hendrie and one or two others, always takes refuge in the cloak-room during the steepleschase, which

frequent accidents have made a strain on the nerves of many sensitive women. Two welcome visitors on the lawn were Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Margaret Huston, sweet singers and sweet women, and both looking extra well. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, with their sons and daughters, and a pretty girl who will some fair day swell the number; Mrs. Matthews, with piquante Mrs. Jack Ross of Sydney, C.B.; Colonel G. T. Denison and his dainty wife, who wore a black and white gown with cerise belt and rose crowned chapeau; Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison and Miss Maude Denison from Stanley Barracks, Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Drinkwater and her son, Mr. Drinkwater; Mr. and Mrs. Auguste Bolte, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. George Hoos, Commodore and Mrs. Haas, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston in a very smart gown and hat; Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, the lady exquisitely gowned in white cloth. In the Beatty box, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and Mrs. Myles were recipients of many calls. Major and Mrs. Williams and Major and Mrs. Nelles were among the smart people strolling about. I heard that fascinating Mrs. Stanton (nee Routhier) and her bridegroom, Major Stanton, were there, but missed a glimpse of them. Miss Jack Creighton of Brantford was a very fair guest of Mr. and Mrs. Case. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Nesbitt were among the ever changing galaxy of smartness that dazzled the sight of the gazer from the boxes. Mrs. and Miss Sheridan were very smartly gowned. A large and charming family party came with Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto to see War Whoop's prowess, who convinced us on Monday that only the hardest of luck was the matter with him on Saturday. Mr. Mackenzie's party included his two married daughters, Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Grantham, and the next two daughters, Misses Ethel and Bertha, the latter of whom looked as if accidents and broken bones were far from her. The right arm folded to the body and muffled in a cloud of chiffon, however, reminded one of her recent contretemps. Miss Ethel went up to Winnipeg during the week in the private car and brought her sister home, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin came down with them. Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney and Mr. and Mrs. Polson were at the King's Plate race, as were Mr. and Mrs. Mann and Mr. and Mrs. James Grace. Mrs. Bruce Macdonald's guests, Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon of Ottawa and Miss Hingston of Montreal, were charmingly gowned. Mrs. MacMahon has greatly enjoyed her Toronto visit. Miss Law, whose people are in Muskoka, and Miss Frankie Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Foy and Miss Gertrude Foy, Miss Hazel Ford, Mrs. Clinch in a handsome white gown, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Miss Gooderham of Waveney, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Macdonald, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Sylvester, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Athol Boulton, Mrs. James George, Mr. Cawthra Mulock, Dr. Macdonald, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Miss Wornum, and Miss Essie Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. McDowall Thomson, Mrs. and Miss Ruby Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. An-Kilgus, Mrs. Arkell, Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell, Mr. Jack Kilgus, were a few of the hundreds who filled the members' lawn to overflowing. By the way, after the President proposed the King's health at luncheon on Opening Day, and three good cheers had been given, a stalwart Hamiltonian led off capitably in "God Save the King," which was never better sung at the Woodbine than then.

The marriage of Mr. John Moss and Miss Florence Marshall took place last Monday at half-past two o'clock in St. Thomas's Church, Rev. Father Davenport officiating. There were very pretty floral decorations and the service was a lengthy one. A threatening morning turned into a very fair afternoon and the church was filled with a smart company of guests, including many of the older families, as Mr. Moss has a large connection and a great many old friends in Toronto. The bride was brought in by Mr. George Moring, at whose home the reception and breakfast were also given. She was preceded by four ushers, Professor McGregor Young of 'Varsity, Mr. Counsell of Hamilton, Mr. Bertie Cassels, and Mr. Winder Strathy, and her only bridesmaid, Miss Jessie Coates of Ottawa, who looked charming in a dainty white Liberty silk with lace insertions and a very pretty hat of white shirred tulle with a white and emerald plume. She carried a sheaf of Beauty roses. The bride, who is tall, young and golden haired, was a picture in her gown of Liberty satin with soft chiffon and a deep lace bertha, ivory tinted with age, which Mrs. Moss gave her for a wedding gift, and which I heard had been worn by the groom's grandmother at her bridal. A spray of orange blossoms fell across the corsage, and a pretty little coronet of the same flowers held the floating tulle veil. A huge bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley gave the finishing grace to an unusually handsome bride. Mr. "Bob" Henderson was best man. After the ceremony the bride and groom were escorted to the home in St. George street, which had been exquisitely decorated for the reception. The drawing-room, in which the bride and groom received, was done in Beauty roses; their rich fragrance wafted from every corner. The mantel was banked with roses. The dejeuner was set in the dining-room, the table centered with a graceful basket overflowing with pink roses, and loaded with all sorts of seasonable dainties. Chief Justice Moss, uncle of the groom, proposed the health of the young couple in a neat little speech, and Mr. Moss responded in a very few words, and to the point. Then the bride exchanged her robe des robes for a dark traveling dress and a sumptuous green hat, and amid the heartiest good wishes Mr. and Mrs. Moss set out upon their wedding journey. A few of the guests were Mrs. Thomas Moss, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mr. Robert Cassels, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, a very old friend of the groom; Colonel and Miss Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Langton, Mrs. Baldwin of Mashqueth, Mrs. and the Misses Street, Mr. Jack Falconbridge, Mr. Featherston Aylesworth, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. John Blaikie, Mrs. Coates, Miss Blaikie, Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Britton, Miss Margaret Huston, Miss Katherine Birney.

Mr. Dickson Patterson will be obliged to remain some time in Winnipeg for a lot of portraits are in his hands. Mrs. Patterson leaves for a family reunion in England on June 22nd. She has been working very hard and has not been well lately, and the sea voyage and the pleasure of seeing her people again will do her great good. As with most English families, there are members of the Ravenshaw circle in some remote parts of the globe, and a sister comes from India to the family reunion with one from Canada, and so forth.

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SOCIETY

Mrs. Percy Beale is convalescent,
after a serious illness, and will shortly
return to "The Bungalow," Niagara-
on-the-Lake.The list of June brides is to be
augmented by one not heretofore men-
tioned. Miss Katherine Birney is to be
a bride of June 8.A little bird whispers that her pre-
sent visit to Toronto will be Miss Mar-
garet Huston's last. It is hoped we
may, however, often welcome her later,
under another name.Mrs. J. Walter Brent (nee Baker) will
hold her post-nuptial receptions next
Monday and Tuesday, May 30 and 31, at
her home, 88 Gloucester street.Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Kirkpatrick
left for Denver, Col., on Monday, where
his physicians have ordered Mr. Kirk-
patrick to sojourn for some time. Mrs.
Kirkpatrick will return and spend the
summer at the seaside with her child-
ren.On Saturday evening Colonel
and Mrs. Sweny gave a charming dinner
at Robbison. Major and Mrs. Stanton,
their guests, spent mid-week at Niagara
Falls.Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra gave a
dinner on Saturday evening, at which a
very pleasant company assembled.Mrs. Bruce Macdonald was the hos-
tess of a huge At Home last Friday;
following what is everywhere described
as a most beautiful luncheon on the
previous Tuesday for some of her older
married friends, the prominent matrons
of society. The floral decorations at
the luncheon were particularly hand-
some. Scores of Beauty roses were
strewn upon the table, and everything
was most excellently arranged. At the
tea the table was very simply done
with silver bowls of lily of the valley,
pretty buds and a few older girls. The
Misses Webster in simple white frocks
and pale blue and deep cerise ribbons
were not-outs promising future con-
quests. Miss Hilda Reid, a sweet little
debutante, was very pretty in primrose
mousseline. Miss Gertrude Foy in
very pale green, Miss Frankie Thomp-
son in white, Miss Almee Falconbridge
in Dresden mousseline, Miss Florrie
Heward in a pretty pale grey dress
with gold and turquoise necktie, Miss
Hazel Ford, a debutante of the year,
and her younger sister, and Miss Katie
Millar made up the bevy of charming
waitresses. I hear that five hundred
invitations were sent out for this tea.The fair weather made an air fresco
quite possible, and the
tempting rocks and cosy chairs on
the verandah were always filled. Mrs.
Macdonald has been a most generous
and very successful hostess this sea-
son, showing that the traditions of her
young days at Rivermount, where her
father, Sir Frank Smith, loved to wel-
come his friends, are still strong in the
next generation. Mrs. Macdonald's two
house guests, Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon
and Miss Hingston, were receiving with
her at the tea. Mrs. Macdonald wore
an elegant white lace and silk gown
with quaint amethyst necktie. Mrs.
MacMahon was in black and white, and
Miss Hingston in white mousseline and
lace, with pink roses. The whole house,
which "gives" most graciously for a
large party, was filled with the smartest
possible party of tea-goers
for a couple of hours. Lady Kirkpatrick
of Closeburn wore a soft brown
Louisiane dress with diamond shaped
applique of cream lace, and a small
toque to match. Many persons said she
had not looked better in years than in
this. I fancy, almost her first colored
gown. At the races on Tuesday she
was also very much admired in her
costume. A very few of the
guests at the tea were Lady Thomp-
son, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs.
Britton, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. G. R. H.
Cockkin, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Denison
of Rusholme, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Alfred
Heskins, Mrs. Lynn, Mrs. Blackford,
Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Capron Brooke, Mrs.
Mann, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Frank Ar-
nold, Foy, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Shepley,
Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs.
Percy Beatty, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Armour,
Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Burritt,
Mrs. Glackney, Mrs. Frank Macdon-
ald, Mrs. Northcott, Mrs. Charles
Ritchie, Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. C.
Murray, Mrs. Aird, Mrs. C. C. Baines,
Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs.
Vankoughnet.Invitations are out for the marriage
of Miss Florence Goldman, daughter of
Mr. L. Goldman, and Mr. Ralph Ber-
nath of Simmonds of Simmonds, N.S.,
which will take place on June the 8th,
at All Saints' Church.After the races on King's Plate Day,
there was an exodus of smart folk to
the Hunt Club, where Mr. and Mrs. J.
Kerr Osborne had the honor of enter-
taining His Excellency the Governor-
General and Lady Eileen Elliot at din-
ner, with many other guests. Many
more were hosts and guests, and the
fair evening, with a half-grown moon,
was quite delightful.The postponed games of St. Andrew's
College were held on Wednesday; Mrs. Mortimer
Clark presented prizes. After-
wards, through the kindness of the
Greek letter society, men in lend-
ing their residence to Mrs. D. Bruce Mac-
donald, she was enabled to ask a few
friends to tea, a delightful finish to the
day.Mr. Harry Corby was at the Wood-
bine on the holiday, Victoria Day. Mrs.
McIntosh of London was there with
her son, Mr. Allan McIntosh, a Toronto
student. Major and Mrs. Maude and
Mr. Guise were with the H. C. Os-
bornes. Mr. George Christie Gibbons
of London came down for the holiday
races. Mrs. Norton looked very sweet
in white and heliotrope. Miss Gwen
Clemow wore pale green shirred crepe
and green straw turban with knot of
gold cord. Mr. Will Hees of New York
was with his people. Dr. Bruce's
charming friends, Mrs. and Miss Dur-
ant of Flint, Mich., were beautifully
gowned and attracted much admira-
tion. Mrs. Osborne looked lovely in a
pale mauve gown and wide brimmed
hat with white lace veil.

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The Best 5c. Magazine on the Market.

The "Four-Track News" for June. On
sale at all news-stands.To Dye Silk Within the Silk-
Worm.THE problem of producing colored
silk by feeding dyestuffs to the
silkworm has engaged the at-
tention of silk-producers for
over half a century. Reports
of success have been various, but we
are now assured by a French experi-
menter, M. C. de Labonnefon, that the
feat is possible, though not with all
colors and not with every variety of
worm. To make it commercially prac-
ticable is, of course, another thing.
Says M. de Labonnefon in "Cosmos"
(Paris):"Is it possible to give to silk, while
yet in the bodies of the worms that
secrete it, a determinate color? This
question must excite the curiosity of
all experimenters. The coloring not
being simply exterior, but affecting
each molecule of the substance, we
might hope in this way to obtain
indestructible tints.""About 1841, a resident of Lyons, M.
Bonafons, presented to the Academy of
Sciences greenish-blue cocoons and
some of a slight rose tint. The first
had been spun by worms fed on leaves
of the mulberry powdered with indigo.
The others were from worms fed with
leaves of the same tree sprinkled with
madder.""Since this time new experiments
have been made, but the results have
been more or less doubtful. Some in-
vestigators, like E. Blanchard, have
shown the presence of the coloring
matter in the blood of the worm and
have followed the dye over the walls of
the silk-producing apparatus; but, on
the other hand, Joly, in a report to the
Academy of Sciences, demonstrated
that colored cocoons could be obtained
by passing the dye over the worm at
the moment when it was ready to spin.
He drew the apparently natural con-
clusion that the coloration of the co-
coons was only superficial and due to
a simple rubbing of the worm, laden
with coloring matter, against the co-
coon.""Finally, R. Dubois, in 1889-90, and
L. Blanc, in 1891, having fed silkworms
with leaves impregnated with various
coloring matters—cochineal, fuchsin,
eosin, methyl green, etc.—found that
they could obtain colored cocoons only
when these colors were used in the
state of powder, and dissection of the
worms showed that in the silk-produc-
ing apparatus the silk had kept its nor-
mal tint. The silk of the cocoons was
colored only on the outside, being sim-
ply covered, when issuing from the
spinneret, with the powder on the
worm's body.""In spite of these results, M. Labonne-
fon asserts that the coloring of silk
in the manner proposed is possible and
has been accomplished both by Messrs.
Levrat and Conte de Lyons, and by the
author. The lack of success of some
experimenters, according to M. de La-
bonnefon, comes from the substances
employed, which do not all pass with-
out ease through the tissues of the worm.
From these later experiments, we are
told, the following results are evident:
"It is quite possible to pass a color-
ing matter from the digestive tube to
the silk glands through the inter-
mediary of the blood. But although
certain products—neutral red, for in-
stance—pass easily through the tissues,
there are others, like methylene blue,
that traverse them with difficulty. Still
others, such as picric acid, will not
pass through them at all.""We shall succeed, then, in giving to
silk various indelible tints when we
shall have found for each one of these
tints a coloring matter capable of tra-
versing the tissues of the silkworm.
But it is also probable, according to
M. de Labonnefon, that certain kinds of worms
can be impregnated by colors that re-
main without effect on other species.
"It should be added that, to answer
rigorously those critics who believe in
the hypothesis of a superficial coloration
of the silk, Messrs. Levrat and
Conte caused subcutaneous injections
of neutral red to be made into worms
ready to spin. . . . Worms thus treated
were instantly colored red and gave in
the pink silk. Probably multiple in-
jections administered several days be-
fore the spinning would have given rise
to a completely red silk." (Transla-
tion made for the "Literary Digest.")

How She Knew.

Spirit (at a seance)—Do you recog-
nize me?
Mrs. Topper (confidentially)—Yes, you
are my late husband, John Topper.Spirit (surprised)—How did you know
me?
Mrs. Topper (firmly)—I smelt your
breath, John.Visitor (to butler, who is showing him
through the picture gallery of an old
mansion)—That's a fine portrait. Is it
an old master?
Butler—No; that's the old missus.The
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WatchThose who are obliged
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always, will find in the
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to please.We fit it in all style
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SOCIETY

The many beautiful and jovial events of race week were easily led by a very charming luncheon given by Mr. Angus Hooper to his Toronto friends and several much-made-of visitors from other cities, which was the event of mid-week, and was held in the Nile and Rose rooms at McConkey's. Beauty roses, superlatively fresh and lovely, were lavishly used in decoration, and the galaxy of female loveliness about the table put even the regal flowers to shame. Everyone wore their very prettiest frocks and sweetest smiles, and the laggard arrivals at the Woodbine included several of the party from Mr. Hooper's luncheon.

On Monday evening a charming dinner was given in honor of Dr. Bruce's friends, Mrs. and Miss Durant and Dr. Campbell, who have been guests of honor everywhere since their arrival. On Tuesday Dr. Bruce gave a dinner for them at the Hunt Club on Wednesday the party dined at the Toronto Golf Club. The ladies have been very much admired, the younger being not yet graduated from her school in Washington, but having already the grace and composure of a society belle, and Mrs. Durant being liked as much for her sweet, gentle manner as her personal charms. Their departure for New York to join Mr. Durant is greatly regretted.

Major and Mrs. Staunton, who have spent a week at Robbinston, left on Thursday evening. They spent mid-week at the Falls, and only attended the course on King's Plate day. In some of the gay parties incident to race week Mrs. Staunton took her old place, and her Toronto friends enjoyed even a fleeting glimpse of her.

Mrs. and Miss Gwen Clemow, who have been spending race week in town, will return to Ottawa early next week.

Mrs. Ewing of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. G. R. Cockburn this week, returns home to-day. Mrs. Ewing was a pretty young matron, very beautifully groomed, at the course on Tuesday, when she was for a part of the afternoon in the Government House box, and she has been greatly feted during her visit. Her mother, Mrs. Nickers, is a well known health, and much of Mrs. Ewing's visit has been devoted to her. Mr. G. R. Cockburn got back from the North-West on Wednesday.

Mr. Nicol Kingsmill entertained a large family party and friends at the Toronto Golf Club on Tuesday evening. Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly had a small party there for dinner also. Luncheons at the Hunt and Golf Clubs have been too numerous to keep track of this week, and the Ladies' Club has also had its patrons.

Dr. James McLeod of Buffalo has spent the week with his people in Crescent road, most of his time devoted to golf, with a look in at the races on Monday and at the plays in the evening.

Mr. Beardmore entertained at dinner on Wednesday night at Chudleigh, and I hear the guests of honor were Colonel and Mrs. Reade of Kingston.

Among the many visiting girl beauties of the week have been Miss Sims, fiancée of Mr. John Osler of Craigleigh; Miss Bege, who looks very fetching in her Victorian bonnets, and whose impending departure for the Old Land we all deplore; Miss Christie, who looked prettier each day; Miss Jack Creighton of Brantford, who has been visiting Mrs. Case; Miss Durant, who has "slain her thousands," and some very pretty Toronto girls, were Miss Marjorie Cochran, Miss Bessie Warren, Miss Athol Boulton, Miss Baldwin, the Misses Mackenzie, Miss Seymour, Miss Gertrude Elmsley and Miss Maude Denison.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton at their place at Long Branch. The charm of the country thereabouts is most powerful just now, the profusion of bloom in the orchards being at its best and the views very lovely.

The tea at the Lambton Golf Club next Saturday will no doubt be a strong attraction to many habitués and their friends.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Conrat brought Miss Marguerita Sylva to tea at the Players' Club, and there gathered to meet her a pleasant company, who enjoyed both her admirable rendering of the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" and the singing of several members of the Players' Club. Miss Sylva paid an earnest compliment to Miss Mockridge, accompanist of the club orchestra, who played for her at a moment's notice, saying she had never heard so perfect an impromptu accompanist. Miss Sylva will learn that Toronto has several of the most finished accompanists in America, in whom visiting artists delight. The guest of honor wore a shimmering gown of white panne satin with softly-painted flowers and a wide-brimmed white hat. She has such exquisite and exquisite complexion that no one would believe in their stage discipline. Miss Gertrude Mackenzie was one of the guests at the pleasant tea, also Mrs. Willmott of Port Hope, who sang to her own accompaniment one or two fine songs. Miss Robart Jaffray's voice took Miss Sylva's fancy greatly, and Mrs. Garratt also sang very well. A little boy soprano was singing "The Palmers" to not only the coterie in the pretty dim-lit club room, but to a party of people across the way, who were arrested by his beautiful voice, and came over to hear the song. Of course the afternoon would not have been complete without the ever-ready and ever-welcome Fitzgerald, who dashed off a couple of songs and greatly pleased the company therewith. Miss Sylva was charmed with the club—"such a pretty, artistic, interesting place!"

Congratulations are many to Miss Alberta E. Capon of Earl street, sister of Dr. Capon, who has come out ahead of all her classmates in the final examination at the Brooklyn Hospital, where she has taken her course of instruction in nursing.

A few of next week's many weddings will be Miss Davidson and Captain Bleckford's, Miss Smith and Mr. Lincoln Hunter's, and Miss Wilkes and Mr. Burke's, the former two on Wednesday and the last on Saturday.

Mrs. Edward Jones and Mrs. Winn are going to England for the summer.

Mr. A. R. Creelman of Montreal and Mr. Alec Creelman of Hamilton were down for the holiday and were at the races. Mrs. Eardley Willmott, in a pearl-gray corduroy costume, with

lace, Mrs. Charles McGill, in pale mauve voile and lace, and Miss McGill, in pink organdie and lace and picture hat of pink roses, and Miss Lundy, in cream poplin and Irish lace, with a wrap, were down from Peterboro'. Mrs. and Miss McGill spent the week at the King Edward.

Mrs. Oliver MacKlem gave a very delightful tea on Thursday of last week for Mrs. McCarthy of Montreal, at which a large number of friends enjoyed a pleasant hour, some of the guests having to shorten it, however, to get to Mrs. D. D. Mann's tea, which took place on the same day and hour.

Mr. Arthur Grantham is one of the smart chauffeurs of the city, and drives his Rambler to the queen's taste.

The exodus to Niagara, the Island and the country was fairly set in. The next big interest after the races is the military camp at Niagara, which promises to be very fine this year. Major and Mrs. Nelles will have their cottage at Niagara, as usual, and Mrs. Nelles has already gone there.

Miss Elizabeth Dickson is with Mrs. Lally McCarthy at her home in Spadina road. Mrs. Horetzky returned from Ottawa last week and took up her residence in her home in Bedford road. Captain Horetzky is stationed in New Brunswick. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan Owen are in town visiting Mrs. Owen's mother, Mrs. Horetzky, and have been often at the course. Mrs. Owen was at the studio on Wednesday to meet Marguerita Sylva. Mrs. Douglas Aronson, of Montreal, looking splendidly, has been at the races, and is visiting her people in Hamilton.

Mrs. Howard Chandler's tea for her guests, Mrs. Murphy of Ottawa and Mrs. Adair of Montreal, was one of last Friday's most enjoyable affairs. The bright party have since enjoyed the races.

On Monday evening Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa gave a dinner for Lord Dundonald, at which some of the guests were Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Major and Mrs. Staunton, Colonel and Mrs. McLean, and Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly.

Mrs. Harold Richardson of New York, Mrs. Staunton of Quebec, Mrs. Arthur Ritchie, Mrs. Arthur Hills were a quartette of brides who had each her wedding at the course. Mrs. Richardson is tall and graceful, and wore some delightful gowns. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson were at the King Edward this week. A young bride and groom, particularly stylish, and attracting many kindly smiles, came on from Quebec. The fair lady has visited friends in Toronto before.

The marriage of Miss Naomi Farrell and Mr. C. H. Patterson will take place in Winnipeg next Wednesday week. Miss Farrell has many friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Hugh MacMahon has been missed from the gay doings of the week. She is visiting relatives out of town.

Miss Malloch of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Frank Fleming. Miss Alice Cameron and Miss Nora Dann are visiting Mrs. C. C. Baines. Mr. Jack Hood came on from Ottawa for the holiday. Mr. Hugh Lamb of London and Mr. Graydon, M.F.H., were in town this week.

The birth of a little son to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Hughes of St. Catharines street, Montreal, has added another to the descendants of the house of Falconbridge. Mrs. Hughes has a very fine baby, and Mrs. Gawnthra Mulock's young lady is still a good looking, healthy and plump. The pleasant burden of grandmotherhood agrees famously with the handsome wife of the Chief Justice.

Miss Margaret Anglin has returned to England after a short engagement in New York.

Captain Jim Elmsley came down for the holiday, and attended the course. He has been rusticated with Commander Law in Muskoka.

His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark entertained at dinner on Victoria Day. Those who had the honor of being invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. V. and Mrs. Deary, Lord Dundonald, Captain Newton, Major Forrester, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. G. Allan Aronson, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Dr. A. Smith, F.R.C., V.S.; Mr. G. W. Torrance, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Hon. Senator and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Lady Kirkpatrick, General Sir H. V. and Mrs. Deary, Lord Dundonald, Captain Newton, Major Forrester, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. G. Allan Aronson, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Dr. A. Smith, F.R.C., V.S.; Mr. G. W. Torrance, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Hon. Senator and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Lady Kirkpatrick, General Sir H. V. and Mrs. Deary, Lord Dundonald, Captain Newton, Major Forrester, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. 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The Sinner.

THE Sinner stood on the threshold of heaven and agitated the golden knocker. There was no response. Again he knocked and yet again. At last, in answer to his clamorous insistence the great door swung back on its massive hinges, and Saint Peter himself appeared and motioned him in.

"Sorry," said Saint Peter, "to keep you standing outside so long, but my bell-boy is never around when he should be. Yes," he continued, in answer to the other's look of amazement, "we have the same trouble with our help here as they have on earth. Just step into my private office and I will be with you in a moment."

The applicant for admission seated himself and looked around. The private office of Saint Peter was elegantly furnished. A desk and a switchboard connected him with all departments under his control. The stranger could hear the clicking of numerous typewriters in another room, and see the clerks busy over their books. He almost felt as though he were back in his old office in Wall Street. However, a moment later the Saint returned and seating himself in front of his desk, he cleared his throat and began:

"Now, my dear sir, I suppose you understand that there is a certain precedent to be followed by those who, like yourself, wish to be admitted to the Golden City. The citizens are very select, and to keep undesirable persons out we have been obliged to enforce very stringent rules. If you will kindly write your name and age on this card I shall have your previous record searched as quickly as possible."

The applicant silently complied, and the card was handed to the clerk who answered the bell. A moment later a procession of clerks filed into the room, each bearing a ponderous tome. The stranger here became visibly apprehensive and ill at ease, but the Saint said nothing until they were alone again. He then took up an index and, running his finger down it, opened the first of the volumes at page 199,999,999.

"I see you started life as a Roman Catholic," he said.

"My mother was a Roman Catholic."

"Didn't you think your mother's religion good enough for her son?"

"That was just it. When I began to think for myself I called me a heretic, and put my people against me. I was young and hot-headed at the time, so I left the Catholic fold."

"So I see. They have blotted your name from the books, and placed a great black mark against you. What did you do then?"

"I attended the English Church, you see. I could not break away altogether from ritual service. My religious training up to this time had unfitted me for a more radical change. The members of the English Church observe Lent in an ascetic manner, and give up eating bon-bons as a means of mortifying the flesh. I did not stay there long. It was essentially a class religion."

"But you next joined the Methodists. You surely did not find the same fault there. Yet you have a whole row of bad marks. I am beginning to think your chances of getting in here are slim indeed."

The applicant looked anxious, and shook his head sadly. "As I explained before, I am of too observing a nature. I began to attend the Methodist revival meetings. Here, I said to myself, is an ideal religion. The poor and needy are as much thought of as the wealthy and noble. There is one religion for rich and poor. Was I mistaken? Well, rather! I was not among them long before I noticed that they were after the long green. They loved feasting, providing it in the schoolhouse at so much per head. Theaters were forbidden, the female members sang a good portion of their time, peddling tickets for third-class amateur entertainments. If a man had money, the whole bunch would start after him. If he held on to his shekels he was considered a monster of iniquity. When he gave some, they wanted more. If he gave freely, he was abused openly, and accused by his critics of trying to buy his way into heaven. I was certainly no church for a rich man."

"You are very hard to suit," said the Saint. "Where did you go then?"

"I joined the Presbyterians, but I could not believe in the doctrine of original sin. I then attended the Baptists, Swedenborgians, Schwenkfeldians, Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists and Christian Scientists. But I can see by your face that they have all reported against me. I am very sorry."

"So am I," said Saint Peter, "for, I confess, I have taken it to you, in spite of your singular ideas."

"I am much obliged to you," said the stranger, and he rose to depart. "I will not take up any more of your time."

At that moment a clerk entered with a bunch of wireless messages and letters with special delivery stamps.

"Just sit still a moment until I open these," says the Saint. "Why, whatever does this mean? From the Methodists. Let the applicant in. He is all right. Here, look at it yourself, while I open the rest. These are from the English, Presbyterian, Baptist, Swedenborgian, Schwenkfeldian, Unitarian, Universalist, Roman Catholic, Congregationalist, Christian Scientist, and other churches. And they all contain one message—'Let him in!'"

The Saint looked bewildered, and asked the stranger if he could explain the matter.

The Sinner smiled. "I think I can," he said. "My will has just been entered for probate, and no doubt they have heard by this time that I left the fortune I had amassed on earth to be divided among them." HALLAM.



SEES HIS FINISH.
Toronto Junction—Talk about a dead game sport—look at me!

Cause.

"Mr. Crow," said his mate, "What's the racket so great, in that field by the woods, over yonder?"

Many crows all around. Have flocked to that ground. Are they holding a 'caucus,' I wonder?"

He replied: "Mrs. Crow, That cannot be so."

And regarded his partner with scorn. As he said with a drawl, "It's no 'caucus' at all; It is only a corner in corn."

—E. T. DRAKE.

Royal Cherry Stones.

It is recorded that there was quite a scramble, at a recent public function in which the King took part, to secure some cherry stones which he had left on his plate. The scramblers were, as might be surmised, fair Americans, and their object in securing the cherry stones, it is said, was in order that they might hand them down to their descendants as heirlooms. No doubt the descendants will be duly grateful when the time comes, but, unless human nature undergoes a considerable change in the next few years, there may be some heartburnings. A person who has expectations, and is buoying himself up with the idea that a few precious stones are coming his way, will hardly appreciate the situation when he opens a casket and finds a few mouldy cherry stones staring him in the face. I really think the ladies would be better advised to plant the stones in a garden, and let them grow into a Washington apple tree, or a few other fruit trees, which they may re-assert the claims of their countrymen to be considered the most voracious people on the face of Pierpont Morgan's earth.

Unlucky.

"It serves her good and right!" "How now?" "She became engaged on a Friday and broke up on the thirteenth."

"Well?" "Well, now she can't get a divorce!" "New York 'Evening Sun'."

She—Aren't you taking this course? He—Oh, yes, I'm very fond of it, but I'm saving it to go with the next so as to have a mouthful.

Wilkins—I see that Ellobbs has been sent to a lunatic asylum. Filkins—Mad, I suppose.

Wilkins—Yes; one of his eccentricities was a mania for exchanging umbrellas.

Filkins—That's nothing. Lots of fellows do that.

Wilkins—Yes; but he always left a better one than he took.

Filkins—Poor chap! It's a sad case, isn't it?



Free Silver with This Cereal

Coupons in every 15c. package are redeemed in handsome heavy plated silverware.

The food is prepared from best Canadian wheat mixed by a special process with a special product which makes it delicate to the taste and strong in its nutriment.

ASK YOUR GROCER

A Pearl From the English Crown.

SOME time back an ill-clothed and needy-looking Jew entered a jeweler's shop in the Herengasse, at Pesth, drew a small paper parcel from his pocket, unfolded it carefully, and took from it a little black object. Holding it up before the jeweler, he asked, "What is that worth?" After scrutinizing it very closely for some time, the jeweler replied: "That is worth a great deal; it is a black pearl, one of the greatest rarities. I have seen many a gray one, but never before a black one. It has one fault, a small blemish, which shows that it was formerly in a setting; but its value is very great. Where did you buy it?" The Jew answered: "A gentleman wishes to leave it with me in pawn, in which I want to know what it is worth." The jeweler said he could not exactly tell, the thing being such a rarity. "May I lend two hundred gulden upon it?" asked the Jew. "Three times as much at the very least," replied the other. "Will you not buy the pearl?" "No, indeed," said the shopkeeper; "there but one firm in the monarchy which would have an opportunity of selling it again; that is the court jeweler, Biedermann, at Vienna. The Jew left without a word. Next day he appeared at Biedermann's shop. Biedermann, however, made a short process with his would-be customer. He had no sooner seen the black pearl than he sent for the police, and had the Jew arrested on the spot. At the hearing of the case the Jew said that his name was Isidor Roth, and that he was the owner of a pawnshop in Grosswardein. One day he saw a great stir going on outside the house of a neighbor and a collector, Herr Gyuri. Upon enquiry he found that poor Gyuri was in trouble for non-payment of taxes, and that the local officer was seizing his furniture. Roth paid the needed sum, twenty gulden, out of his own pocket, and Gyuri, out of gratitude, presented him with the pearl, of the immense value of which he had no conception. The story was confirmed by witnesses from Grosswardein. Gyuri, it seems, had been the confidential servant of a renowned man, Count Louis Bathanyani, and when Bathanyani died he presented his servant with the jewel, partly out of a memorial, Gyuri, under the pressure of want, had already sold the gold in which the pearl was set; but he would not part with the jewel, partly out of esteem for his late master, and partly from a notion that it was of no great worth. The pearl, as the court jeweler Biedermann at once perceived, must have been stolen property at some period in its adventures. Being an authority in the history of famous jewels, he recollected that three black pearls had formerly adorned the English crown, and that they were stolen from that important symbol about two centuries ago. They were renowned as the only black pearls in the world, according to the records of the time. The English Government, as Herr Biedermann stated, advertised for them in vain. How Count Bathanyani got hold of the pearl nobody knows.

Philosophy.

WHEN man first became convinced that there was no cure for Love or Dyspepsia, he invented Philosophy. The gentle art of fooling other people is all that the average man aims at. Only in this way can he make enough to live on.

The philosopher, however, is on a higher plane than this. He believes in fooling himself.

All philosophers are, therefore, a great success in their own line.

Philosophy is, in fact, divided into two parts—the real and the pseudo. The real philosophers are all dead. The pseudo are either on the "Journal" or are Christian Scientists.

To be a first-class philosopher, all one needs is a readiness to believe any old thing in particular and an incredulity about everything in general. Also someone else to support you.

Philosophy never appears at christenings, weddings or funerals, or when there is a note coming due.

A Useful Feature.

Two New York women went apartment-hunting not long ago, and were pleasantly surprised to find at the end of their first day's search an apartment which seemed to be exactly suited to their needs. It was new, desirably situated and inexpensive—three rooms and bath, said the landlady, all with outside exposure. The prospective tenants walked through the rooms, examining every feature.

"But where is the bathroom?" they enquired.

The landlady pointed to an alcove which was furnished with gayly col-

ored hangings and an awkward-looking divan covered with pillows.

"There it is," she explained; "my last tenants said it was in the way, so they made a cozy corner out of it. Of course, if you want to use it as a bathroom you can take the cover and pillows off the tub."

Hear, Hear!

Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures—an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "hear, hear," ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly, and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honeyed tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."

Radium and Blindness.

RADIUM rays will not at present furnish a cure for blindness, reports Professor Greiff of Berlin in a published account of an official investigation of the optical properties of radium. This research was largely undertaken as the result of a paper by Professor London of St. Petersburg, in which he claimed that there was hope for the blind in radium. According to Professor Greiff the rays given off by a fluorescent surface excited by radium rays are simply those of ordinary light, and as such cannot affect a blind eye. The actual radium rays, however, are sent out in all directions, penetrating all structures, and the effect, a sort of sea-green radiance, is the same whether the radium is held in front of the eye or at the side of the head. It has been asserted that fluorescence actually occurs in the eye and that rays of ordinary light accordingly emitted, but this view is opposed by Professor Greiff, and the fact is cited that the radium rays do not bleach the visual purple of the retina. He also states that when the function of the rods and cones which transmit visual concepts from the retina to the nerve centers is destroyed the eye is unable to provide for a sensation of sight. Furthermore, the radium rays are not refracted, consequently, even if they did stimulate the retina they could not be employed to furnish a visual picture.

Impossible.

A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to "double up"—that is, play two or more parts in the same piece. "Lancaster," he said one morning, addressing a very servicable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in 'The Silent Foe' to-night—Henderson, Uncle Bill and the Crusher." "Can't do it," replied Lancaster; "and I hope to be sand-papered if I try." "You can't do it? You won't do it? Why?" "Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor. "No human being can play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third fellow rushes in and separates them."

A Wife's Affection.

This story is told upon the authority of the New York "Times." "There is in one of the departments in Washington a handsome and still young widow, who has made two matrimonial ventures already, and is now engaged to a bachelor business man of that city. A few weeks ago a friend asked her when the wedding was to occur. 'Oh, not before next year,' she replied. 'But why do you have such a long engagement?'" the surprised friend enquired. For a few moments the widow hesitated, and then replied: 'I'll tell you the real reason, but you must solemnly promise never to repeat what I say.' Of course, the friend, consumed with curiosity at the mysterious manner of the widow, promised as requested, and then told the story to all her confidential friends, which accounts for its appearance here. 'Well, you see,' she said, 'when my second husband died I had a fine monument erected over his grave, and have since been paying for it on the instalment plan. I will not have it completely settled for until the early part of next year. Of course, you will appreciate the impossibility of my telling Harry and asking him to finish paying for it, and that is what I would have to do if we were married very soon.'

"THE BOOK SHOP."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maitland
request the honour of your presence at the
marriage of their daughter
Gertrude Helen
to
Mr. Sidney Harman Green
on Wednesday, June the twenty-fourth
nineteen hundred and four
at two o'clock
St. Pauls Cathedral
Toronto

and afterwards at
"Elmdon," Queens Park.

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TORONTO.

The Vigil of a Wreck

WHEN consciousness returned to him, Hammersley sat up and looked around. He saw black cliffs, black sky, a beam of light from a setting sun; a glow of gold behind the barred clouds of the west; a few yards of weed-strewn, sandy plateau, and a bundle of motionless clothing. He began mechanically to work his numb limbs; the first use he made of them was to crawl to the side of the heap of clothing and scrutinize it. He saw a man's face, white and blood-stained, but delicate of feature; a man's slender figure and a thin hand which clasped, with a grip like the grip of death, a small, square, gold locket. "It's you, is it?" said Lawrence Hammersley to the dead ears. "I hope you're dead, damn you!"

Nevertheless, since it was inexpedient that the man should die if it were in Hammersley's power to save him, he began to chafe the icy limbs and to promote respiration according to precedent. The sea was manifestly abating; the waves, which had not washed over the beach since that last Titan billow had yielded up its prey, were not likely to revisit their abandoned haunts. Hammersley took the seemingly lifeless body in his arms, and dragged it to a place wet only by the foam and partially sheltered from the onrush of the wind; and here, in a little while, Hammersley opened his brown eyes upon Lawrence Hammersley's face.

"Lawrence!" he said, faintly, and turned away his head. "Lucy, where are you?"

Hammersley drew back with a stifled exclamation. "Lucy isn't along this way," he said, with a grim laugh. "On that you may be right. What's that?"

"Lawrence! It is you! What's that?"

"You fool, can't you see? The 'City of India' has sailed, and you are on some God-forsaken isle in the middle of the Pacific—just you and I together, in a solitude a deus. Understand?"

"Then where are all the others? Where's the ship?"

"In Davy Jones's locker. There's the wreck," Hammersley pointed it out in a gap between crossing seas.

"All drowned?" Good heavens, how frightful! Charteris raised himself with an effort into a sitting posture, and looked down with puzzled eyes at the little gold locket. Then what little blood the rocks had left in his body rose slowly to his face.

"It's you!" he said. "Merciful heaven, it's you!"

"Yes, it's me. You didn't know I was on the 'City of India,' did you? What are you staring at that photograph for? I suppose it's a photograph, isn't it—Lucy's, by chance?"

Charteris touched the spring of the locket, and looked down with dazed eyes at the face of a fair-haired girl, with saintly eyes and a sensitive mouth. "Yes, it's Lucy," he said. "My darling!" He lifted it to his lips, and in an instant Hammersley had wrenched it from his hand and flung it into the sea.

"That's my wife," he said, his voice thick with anger. "You let my wife alone, if you please, or I swear I'll knock your brains out!"

"Lawrence, for pity's sake—oh, Lawrence, you don't know what you've done. It's all I had left!"

"All you had left? What have you done with Lucy?"

"Didn't you know? She's dead!"

Hammersley got up abruptly, and walked away; the beach was too narrow for his pacing feet. Darkness was falling fast. He and Charteris were alone upon that tiny and desolate isle, beaten by the surges of a ceaseless surf. Charteris lay still, and watched him; he had suffered too much to be capable of a single movement of energy. He was a man of great constitutional delicacy, and had fought all his life against the restrictions imposed by prudence. In his present utter prostration his body was paying the penalty of a reckless, imperious will which his friends called pluck and his doctors folly. At length, Hammersley returned to his side and stood over him, an incarnation of cold and savage justice.

"Get up!" he said, brutally. Charteris, exhausted as he was, pulled himself to his feet and swayed against a rock. "Come this way," said Hammersley, and strode on against the dead weight of the wind, his head down, his bare feet gripping the stones. Of the beaten and struggling figure behind him he took no heed. At the end of the beach he stopped, and waited till Charteris staggered to his side.

"Now, get in there," said Hammersley, pointing to a narrow crevasse paved with splinters, which wound in between walls of solid rock.

"Lawrence, I can't. My feet are cut to rags. I'd faint if I tried to, old man."

"My name's Hammersley. Put your arms around my neck."

Charteris obeyed, and Hammersley,

the index of a corresponding gentleness of temper, he asked a question which had haunted him all day.

"Lawrence, do you think there's any chance of our being picked up?"

"Of course. We're in the track of all the ocean-going ships. The storm didn't drive us far out of our way. I've taken our bearings roughly. I wish you'd shut up."

Charteris was silenced for the moment, but ere long he spoke again. "Lawrence," he said, softly. "My name's Hammersley. I wish you'd make out to remember that."

"Oh, let me speak, I must. You don't know how we've longed to see you and try to explain. It was her last prayer."

"She's dead," you said so. Hammersley shut his eyes. "You're lying," he said. "You're lying for the fun of lying, aren't you?"

"No, Hammersley, no. It lived only an hour."

"What's that?"

"I put the clock back half an hour; and then, when we got to the station and found the train gone, I told her it wouldn't be any good going back the next day. Now do you understand?"

Hammersley laughed. "I wonder why I don't kill you?" he said. "I'd like to break in your ribs, and that's a fact. I could, you know." He tightened his grip till it was agony, but Charteris, who was not a man to be moved, only said, "Well, you've got some pluck, anyway. But, Lord! what a miserable cad!"

"I don't know how I came to do it. I'd just wakened up, and I was all alone in a minute, in a whirl, as if I were mad. When she died I'd have killed myself, only it didn't seem to meet the case. You see, I wanted to die."

"When you die, you'll go to hell. I dare say she will, too; but I'm pretty certain she won't be with you, anyway. Oh, don't say that! Charteris heard him sob as he went on: "What did she die of?"

"Of course, you don't know that, either. What was she?"

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would probably turn out something like the following:

For school children, three hours in school and one hour's lessons at home.

For outdoor workers, eight hours daily.

For factory hands, clerks, shop assistants, etc., seven hours daily.

For writers, professional men and other brain-workers, five hours daily.

The week to consist of five days—four days' work and one day's rest.

Holidays, two weeks at least, four times a year.

If something like this rule were adopted we might not be so rich, as a nation, but we should enjoy better health, greater happiness and longer life.—"Answers."

Getting Gray.

Mamma—Every hair of our heads is numbered, child.

"Do they get gray trying to remember their numbers, mamma?"



Mother—There, Ethel, don't cry. The spanking hurt mother more than it did you.

Ethel—I know it. That's what I'm crying for.—"Harper's Bazar."

Do We Work Too Hard?

ONE of the curious outcomes of civilization is that people who are civilized have to work much harder than savages and barbarians.

The savage spends most of his life in enjoyment; the civilized man is fortunate if he can snatch a few weeks, or even days, out of the year to enjoy himself. And even this relaxation he looks upon as a preparation for more work. So hard have we to work, that we regard labor as the chief end of our lives.

Of course, this view is absurd. What we work for is to provide food, clothes, houses and other necessities of existence, and over and above these to procure good furniture, pianos, pictures, books, jewelry, theater tickets, rooms to dance in, cricket and golf apparatus, yachts, bicycles, horses and other means of enjoyment.

Now, to spend nine-tenths of our lives in getting these and only one-tenth in the enjoyment of them is absurd. Yet that is what most people do, and, in fact, the man who gives the most time to labor and the least to enjoyment is looked upon as the most sensible member of the community. He is actually quite the most foolish.

Ask that man a few questions and you will discover his stupidity. "Why do you work so hard?" "I am happy only when working." "What do you work for?" "To make money." "What is the use of money?" "To buy things." "What are the things for?" "To be enjoyed." "When are you going to enjoy them?" "When I knock off work."

But he only knocks off work when he has given himself consumption, heart-disease, rheumatism, or some other disabling malady by overwork.

The irony of it all is that one of the chief aims of civilized people is to invent labor-saving machines. They have been inventing these for hundreds of years, yet work is carried on at higher pressure than ever. The Americans, celebrated for labor-saving machinery, are the greatest slaves to work in the world.

Then look at all the unnecessary things that we work for—for instance, silver-mounted and perfectly useless canes. These are mere survivals of barbarous times, when everyone had to protect himself. White linen shirts, most expensive to keep clean, and very uncomfortable; silk hats, etc., etc. Half of the things we buy with money earned by overwork we should be just as happy without, and very much happier, for we would have more time for enjoyment.

Take an individual case. A man works from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, and earns six pounds. He rushes to the seaside in a crowded train, arrives there tired, is bored all Sunday, gets up before he has slept enough on Monday morning, and back to work. What does he go to the seaside for? To make himself fit for more work. If he does not go to the country he breaks down—a clear proof that he has worked too hard. As a result we have a Royal Commission enquiring into the deterioration of the race.

A great doctor says that we all work too many days in the week, and if a medical commission were appointed to draw up a scale of work-hours they

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"I had stomach trouble for 20 years; tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simplest remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time."

"Finally a doctor who is the most prominent physician in this part of the State told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee."

"I cut out all coffee. Quit drinking coffee! Why, what will I drink?"

"Try Postum," said the doctor. "I drink it, and you will like it when it is made according to directions. With cream, for it is delicious, and has none of the bad effects coffee has."

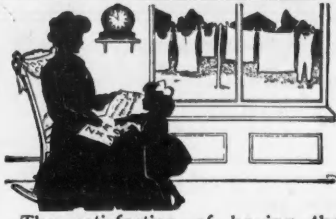
"Well, that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again, and I know that the coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago, according to the doctor's advice. Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich."

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Reviews of Books

THE ONE WOMAN. By Thomas Dixon. A woman sank inevitably to a career. He also, by the way, had eyes—blue, deep, inscrutable, but with that fatal trick of expressing so much more than they mean to the woman upon whom for the moment they may rest. Then Airle has a truly wonderful voice, with the "clear, conscious, capable of entering into and interpreting that which it has never known." But—crowning vocalism of all—the wicked Isabel (the name, it is said, is a form of Jezebel) has a velvety contralto, rich and sensuous. There is more than a touch of bathos in the circumstance that Isabel sings in the church choir and is particularly successful in the hymn which concludes:

"And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace."

Surely we might have been spared this twanging gospel hymn, with its cheap cadences. The novelist might have made it more dramatically "Whiter Than Snow" or "Consider the Lilies."

However, in this novel the characters are the thing, and, aside from the breezy Airle, the two headstrong figures are little Whitney, who is charmingly and truthfully drawn, as lovable and human a child as ever lived in a happy home, and Dr. Regeater, stalwart but rather cynical young physician, who finally wins the wayward heart of the capricious Airle, that cruel young person finally relating the story of her surgery to inform him of the fact.

But Katharine, Clifford and Isabel stand out as the most vivid figures before us as they play their part in a terrible farce which has become all too common. Katharine is the redeeming woman, a creature, not cold, but so pure, tender and devoted that she yields too readily when she sees that her husband's lower nature has responded to Isabel's earthy appeal. Airle's criticism is just, but not so true in its youthful extravagance. "I'd have made it my everlasting business to see that he was kept busy worshipping the ground he walked on," wouldn't have wasted time worshipping his tracks the way she did. And if I had suspected that he was wandering from the domestic fold, I'd have hustled out and wandered with him. I'd have stuck to him tighter than glue, and if that red-haired woman had come snooping around, do you suppose for one moment that she'd have got him away from me? No, no! Not as long as I had two hands to pull her red hair with. But look at dear, helpless Katharine! She thought that life was a poem, in which the smashing of red-haired women had no place, and she simply stood magnificently aside and let fate mangle things with a free hand."

Katharine possesses the harmlessness of the dove, with absolutely none of the wisdom of the serpent. Consequently she is one of those women from whom a weak and vain man is almost certain to wander, although he almost inevitably returns, and is graciously pardoned. She is as old as patient Griselda, and doubtless older, though I question if older Eve or Lilith were made of material so delicate. She is almost revoltingly forgetful, or rather forgiving, of injury such as any woman of decent self-respect should never forgive. She is a martyr, Airle has more of real dignity than has the wronged wife when she allows Isabel the impossible to insult her, and she is a lovely, loving, trusting, and a woman should be something more than a door-mat or a football, and Katharine's Christian spirit is too much of a kindly display. Shakespeare's Portia is a higher type, for she would never have tolerated Basanio's flirting with Nerissa. An utter lack of humor, in the narrative, is Katharine's refusal to accept Clifford's return of devotion when she longs for reconciliation, her refusal, forsooth, being based on the idea that he now belongs to Isabel, and it is his duty to keep that frail lady in the paths of comparative virtue. That Katharine, who believed her husband's union with Isabel was nothing but a sinful mockery, should object to his renewal of his vows to herself because of Isabel's danger or disappointment, is quite inconceivable. The suffering of Katharine is inevitable, and it is a lofty and a nature. As a woman she lacks color, as a wife she must have been a trifle monotonous, but as Whitney's mother she is the ideal. Dr. Regeater is right in speaking of her influence over the boy: "She has stamped her character ineffaceably upon him. Why do we fear evil so much that we forget to recognize the marvelous perseverance of good? Why, there isn't any death for her. The future is charged with her personality. Talk about heredity! Look after you and I are due the beauty of character toward which she fought will be finding nobler expression than we dream of. That is the only life everlasting, and it appears to me, but it's enough, we call it so—and there isn't anything better that we've evolved yet as a scheme of immortality."

Katharine is no prig, neither does she preach. But in her pure aloofness she brings back that other Catherine of "Robert Elsmere," who, however, was fortunate in having a husband whose whole strings Clifford Mackemer was quite unworthy. But, women are just a little too near the angels to be comfortable on this bumpy old earth. There is much truth in Mrs. Poyser's reflection: "I'm not denying that women are foolish, but the Lord made them to match the men." A woman who is so crystalline in sincerity and truth as Katharine is no match for man and should never try to look after him or live down to him. She had better take Hamlet's advice and lie her to a nunnery, where she will look serene as Sister Angelica and be serving happily ever after. The ordinary person is not fit to touch the hem of Katharine's garments and average humanity prefers a spouse whose religion is not quite so immaculate.

As for Isabel, the railroad accident which cuts short her career and opens to Clifford a way of return to Katharine is altogether too easy a death for such an unscrupulous dancer. She is the world, the flesh and very much the devil. But the writer hardly exaggerates—Isabel exists in nearly every community, and she is a woman who will arise and call her—no blessed. Her physical charms are insisted upon to a nauseating extent, until her pink-and-white face, her red hair, narrow hazel eyes with diabolical gleam, and her snowy shoulders have become a weariness. The author displays the eternal feminine (and the feminine amateur at that) when she dwells so cunningly upon the cut and color of Isabel's gowns. What man could have written this description? "In her gown of clinging copper-colored tulle, with its heavy bands of gleaming iridescent embroidery she seemed to him like some superb tropical flower, prodigal of bloom and perfume for him alone."

When Katharine made one rash call upon her rival, she found Isabel wearing a "house-gown of scarlet satin, brocaded with carnations of a barely lighter hue, their gay green stems making vivid color contrast." Isabel is a serpent, indeed, in whom there is nothing but guile, and one brutes for more freely after she is crushed by the "through express," although the accident to Isabel is a bit of melodrama unworthy of the rest of the book. Katharine would have died and gone to her kinsfolk, the angels, while Clifford would have been properly punished by spending the rest of his days with Isabel, while she spent his substance upon scarlet satin house-gowns.

As for Clifford himself, he is a poor enough creature—a cad of the first water. Only the most despicable of blue-eyed heroes, in the evident belief that there is something fascinating about him. He is the sort of person that any sane, athletic man would rejoice in kicking all over the lawn. But Mrs. Humphry Ward gave us the loathsome Manister; so we can hardly blame a lesser novelist for inflicting the public with such a "Willie" of a villain as Clifford appears.

In spite of the grave problem presented and the profound suffering depicted, the book cannot be said to deliver a sermon on the sacredness of marriage. It is too direct and personal in narrative interest to be classed with preaching fiction. That the better angels where the Church lamentably fails to "grasp the nettle" is made evident in such a deliverance as this: "An unholy divorce was no bar to its sacraments; she knew that while there might exist ministers who would refuse to marry her husband to another woman, there would be no difficulty whatever in finding obsequious substitutes for so rare a man of God." The book does not pretend to settle anything. It tells a thrilling story, poignant with a woman suffering, and leaves you to remember it.

(New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Represented in Canada by McLeod & Allen.)

The story of a founding who developed into a sprightly thief, repented, became an actress and finally the wife of an entirely desirable gentleman, is told in a delightful, if slangy, fashion by Nance Olden, who is the heroine of "In the Bishop's Carriage" by Miriam Michelson. It is impossible to keep from being friends with Nance and enjoying the accounts of her breakages of the Eighth Commandment. She is a sort of Robin Hood in petticoats, transferred to the twentieth century, and quite deserves her final good fortune. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen.)

"The Darrow Enigma," by Melvin L. Severly, is not a detective story in the common acceptance of the term. It is a subtle and not morbid story of crime, which is well told, and which unfolds happy interests before the conventional ending. The book is appropriately bound in black and scarlet, while an ominous thumb-print gives the nervous reader anticipatory shivers. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

"Our Mountain Garden," by Mrs. Theodore Thomas, is a thoroughly sensible description of "Felsenarten," which lies on the southern slope of a New Hampshire mountain and has been made to blossom like the rose. The book will be found interesting by all who aspire to "garden," while it is entirely free from the gush over nature that disgraces much of the modern garden stuff. (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

"Anna, the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, is not nearly so naughty as it sounds. But it is sufficiently exciting to belong to the class of sensational novels, while it ends in a condition of affairs so delicate that it is entirely satisfactory to the Philistine. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

Mr. Stewart Edward White has written a striking story of the North in "The Silent Places." The relentless grip of the North, its mysticism and supreme desolation are made fascinating by the writer's imaginative strength. (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

James S. Gale in "The Vanguard" tells a Korean story that deserves the adjective "timely." The book gives an excellent idea of native life and is a treasure of good sportsmanship throughout that is cheering, and one accepts contentedly the final prophecy that while "men may come and men may go, the stones will go on forever." (Hartford, Conn.: W. H. Gocher.)

"Fagin's Tales of the Turf. With Memoir," by W. H. Gocher, are stories to be read with relish in "King's Plate week." The two volumes have been carefully compiled, and there is a spirit of good sportsmanship throughout that is cheering, and one accepts contentedly the final prophecy that while "men may come and men may go, the stones will go on forever." (Hartford, Conn.: W. H. Gocher.)

The Ideal Beverage

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious.

You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

Perfect Beauty

depends on the skin, and lovely skin is the reward of using

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.

Demand the genuine

'DARTRING TOILET 'LANOLINE' is a complete toilet.

'DARTRING LANOLINE TOILET SOAP.

Corticelli

SPOOL SILK

Is the best Sewing Silk made. As Corticelli costs you no more than an inferior quality of silk, why don't you buy it? Always ask for Corticelli and see that you get it.

Corticelli

— B & A — Wash Silks SKIRT PROTECTOR

Put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangling or soiling; admirably for the use of the housewife in the home and for the laundry. The colors are fast—the silk THE BEST.

Peculiar wearing qualities and perfect straight selvege. Corticelli Skirt Protector is of fine and even texture, and when soiled a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no harm done.

The King's Journeys.

It is a curious circumstance that the railway directors who habitually travel with the royal trains upon the English lines are accommodated in carriages in the rear of the royal saloon itself. This custom grew up out of the rule which was established by the late Queen, according to which the sexes were separated with truly Spartan precision, and while the carriages in front of her own were allotted to the ladies of the court and the women attendants, those in the rear were appropriated to the gentlemen of the suite and to the men servants. To this rule there were one or two necessary exceptions, but we betide anyone who attempted to run counter to the general etiquette involved in the rule. The places occupied by every member of the company were planned out beforehand and printed for the information of the party.

King Edward has made a good many changes in the procedure of railway travel, both when the court as a whole is moving, and when he is journeying with a small suite in a casual way. There is greater freedom in individual matters, but the unwritten rules of the household are strictly maintained, the idea being that his Majesty shall be able to summon to his presence at a moment's notice any member of his entourage whose assistance he may desire to have. The total expenditure upon railway travel under the new regime is actually larger than before, although the huge "omnibus" trains of the old reign are now seldom required.

His Last Words.

THE murderer was about to be executed, and he wanted to say something before he was hanged. His answer was in the affirmative, and he spoke as follows: "I know that it is the custom at a time like this for the condemned man to profess that he is innocent of the crime of which he has been declared guilty. I do not propose to make any such protest, and could not if I would, as you all know that I killed the man. Even my able lawyers were not able to deny that. You all, I have no doubt, know the circumstances—that the night before the killing I had a quarrel with the man I killed the following day. I did not kill him then, as I might have done, but the next morning I was glad him and committed the crime for which I am about to pay the penalty. The verdict, you know, was murder in the first degree, as the time intervening between the quarrel and the killing was sufficient to set the state prove that there was premeditation. Now, had I killed the man during our quarrel of the night before it would have been apparently done without premeditation, and instead of standing here to-day I should be serving a life-sentence in the state prison, with a chance of getting out, as the verdict would have undoubtedly been murder in the second degree. In view of these facts there is one thing that I want to say in closing, and that is in the way of advice. Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day." "Judge."

"I've found exactly the girl I've been looking for, but, unfortunately, I can't engage her."

"Why not?"

"She is too large for the servant's bedroom."

Officer Clancy—Why did Casey arrest that fellow for searching?"

Officer Hogan—Shure, Casey is new on th' force, and wanted t' inly th' sensation of a roide to th' station in a tourin' car.—"Puck."

HUNYADI JÁNOS
TRADE MARK

Easy to Keep Well

If you take proper care of your stomach and take regularly every morning half a glass of

Hunyadi János

It will surely drive out
CONSTIPATION

and all the other unpleasantnesses that come from a sluggish liver. It will bring you health and keep you well.

Most enlightened and eminent physicians in every part of the globe recommend it.

Don't Give Up
PORTER

because the bitter kind makes you bilious. O'KEEFE'S SPECIAL EXTRA MILD PORTER is as grateful to the stomach as it is delightful to the palate. Brewed in "Canada's model Brewery," of the choicest malt and hops. Absolutely pure, fully aged. Always ask for

O'Keefe's
China Decorators!

NEW CHINA HAS ARRIVED.

Haviland and other fine grades, consisting of Trays, Jardineres and Stands, Vases, Dinner and Tea Sets, Novelties, etc.

Firing done.

Mrs. J. B. Young
49 Richmond St. West,
Toronto

Dr. Reed's
Cushion-Soled Shoes
for Men

A sure cure for tender feet. If you suffer with your feet try them; you'll never wear any others.

SOLE CITY AGENTS,
H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 YONGE STREET

The Bathing Suit and The Violet.

Once upon a time there was a Bathing Suit which differed materially from all its associates, for it was modest. It was much distressed at being so much talked about and caricatured in the papers. It had figured in the seashore scene in a spectacular play. But, as I say, its mortification was extreme that it was obliged to bear such undesirable publicity. No one would believe that a retiring disposition could belong to a bathing-suit, and it was merely laughing at its attempted vindication of its character.

But after thinking for a very long time on a possible course of action, it remembered that everyone called the Violet modest, and determined to go and ask the little flower what it did to get up such an international reputation. So the Bathing Suit came to the Violet and asked it the momentous question, "What do you do to make people all call you modest?"

The Violet dropped her pretty head, and softly answered, "I shrink."

So the Bathing Suit went away and began to shrink, and the more it shrank the more it got itself talked about, until at last there was an unbearable scandal.

Which goes to show that what is eminently proper and respectable for one person to do is often poor taste for another.—"Puck."

Just Seemed to Suit His Case.

Welland Merchant Restored to Health
by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Doctors and Medicine Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Succeeded—Other Cases They Just Seem to Suit.

Welland, Ont., May 23.—(Special.)—J. J. Yokom, a prominent merchant of this city, is telling his friends of his remarkable cure of a terrible Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Yokom's statement is as follows:

"For more than a year I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all its worst symptoms. I had a distressed feeling in my head, little or no appetite and a feeling of languor. I became greatly reduced in weight.

"Doctors and medicines failing to give me any benefit, I became despondent, when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and from the first they seemed to suit my case. After taking five boxes the old trouble had gradually disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills suit the case of every man, woman or child who has any form of Kidney Disease. They always cure and cure permanently.

Mrs. Unhappy (after the quarrel)—When we were married you said you'd be willing to follow me to the end of the world, and now—

Mr. Unhappy—Now I desire to call your attention to the fact that the world has no end. It is round.

Anecdotal

KINGSTON is well known as a city with military traditions, and the presence of the Royal Military College makes the youthful cadets objects of tender interest to the maidens of the Limestone City. A few Sundays ago two little Kingston girls, not yet twelve years old, were walking home from Sunday school. "Gladys," said one of the "mites," who had religious tendencies, "don't you think it must be lovely to go to heaven?" "No," replied Gladys scornfully, "I'd rather grow up and be engaged to a cadet."

A certain Toronto clergyman manifests a fondness for a few texts, and in connection with his preaching more than once from Psalm 48: 12, 13, the following story is told: Mrs. Smith, meeting Mrs. Brown one Saturday afternoon remarked: "I suppose you're going to the Central Church to-morrow to hear Dr. Blank?" "No, I'm not," retorted Mrs. Brown, who is a fervent admirer of that divine. "But I thought you always go when he preaches." "Well, you see, it's like this: I've walked about town and gone round about her, told the towers thereof and marked well her bulwarks four times with Dr. Blank, and I'm afraid he'll take that trip again."

Irving Bacheller, the novelist, says that the flattery hurled at him during recent years has been as nothing compared to the dose he received from an old farmer on the day of his graduation from college. On that occasion Mr. Bacheller was one of the senior class commencement orators. After the usual fashion of these speakers, he delivered a number of high-sounding words, and wound himself up into varied flourishing gestures. When it was all over, the old farmer approached. "Wal," said he to the young graduate, "you sure did make the finest speech I ever heard. Great! You jes' riz right up in the air, and no turned fool in that that crowd could understand a word you wuz talkin' about."

"Sir Henry," asked one of his guests at a midnight supper given by Sir Henry Irving the night before he sailed for England, "what do you consider the greatest tribute ever paid to your work as an actor?" "Well," replied the distinguished actor after some hesitation, "I once had a London newsboy insist upon serving me with the 'Times' gratis for a whole week because he thought my Shylock was a perfect imitation of a business rival whom he thoroughly hated. Yet I think on the whole that the involuntary exclamation of a Christian saw the saw Mathias in 'The Bells' was as clever a compliment as I ever heard. I was climbing into a cab outside the theater when I heard this young man say: 'What a shame that the actor is an actor and sold to the devil! What a fine preacher he would have made!'"

A good story is told of one of the most prominent of New York's financiers who has a son whose extravagance is notorious. Not long ago, at the end of the business day, the father left his office and stood for a moment on the curb before starting for the Elevated station. Immediately a hansom drove up, the driver seeing a desirable fare in prospect. The father shook his head and started to walk away. "I drive your son up-town every day," intimated the driver. "He can afford it," retorted the millionaire; "he's got a rich father."

A prominent actor tells this story about two brother players and their experiences in a Maine temperance town. Feeling in need of alcoholic refreshment they made application at the local drug stores, but were told that stimulants were sold only in case of emergency. The actors had about decided to content themselves with such refreshment as the town provided, when they heard that a certain resident owned a rattlesnake which he kept as a pet. Securing his address they called on him, and offered to hire his snake for use in some scientific experiments.

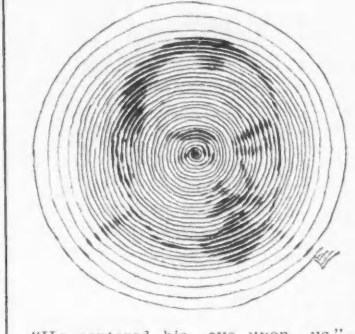
"Nothing doing," answered the owner; "he's booked solid for four months ahead."

"Buffalo Bill" was once exhibiting in Boston, and while giving a little reception at his tent at the close of the afternoon performance he was approached by a young man and his mother. After a moment of embarrassment on the lady's part she said: "Do you consider that you give a true picture of Western life?" "We try to," answered the actor. "The people really ride about and shoot in that terrific manner, do they?" she continued. "Well, yes; on occasions," the showman replied, rather more guardedly. "I never suspected it." "Most of the money left me by my husband is invested in the West, but I now feel doubtful about allowing any more of it to go there." "Is it secured by first-class real estate mortgage?" "I believe so." "Madam," said Cody, with confidence, "do not give your bank the least uneasiness. In all my experience with the West I have never yet seen a first mortgage on real estate riding a bucking bronco, shooting off the town, or doing anything except simply drawing its twelve per cent. per annum. I wish I owned a million of 'em."

"T. P." tells an amusing anecdote of the elder Sothern (the famous father of E. H. Sothern). Sothern was traveling on tour in Northern England when, just as their train was leaving York, he removed the railroad ticket which a fellow-actor had stuck in the band of his hat. "They'll want our tickets here, Johnny," he said, casually, and his companion began an exhaustive search for the missing ticket. When he had searched his hat and his pockets ten times over, and looked on seat and floor again and again, in vain, he exclaimed, in despair: "By George! I've lost my ticket! They'll make me pay over again!" "Pay over again! I'd see them hanged first," said Sothern. "You get under the seat and it'll be all right." His friend crawled under the seat, and lay there, gasping with nervousness, as the ticket collector came to the carriage door. "Tickets, please," he demanded. Sothern handed the man two tickets. "Two tickets, sir? Where's the other gentleman?" "Oh," replied Sothern, nonchalantly, "the other gentleman prefers to travel under the seat. It's only his way."

Another anecdote of Sothern recorded by "T. P." concerns a practical joke which had more serious consequences. He had made an appointment to dine at a restaurant with an actor friend named Toole, and was exasperated at having to wait long, and hungry, for his friend. He sat at a neighboring table an old gentleman who was evidently even more cross and hungry than himself. Sothern went up behind him, and, hitting him a sounding smack on the back, greeted him familiarly. "Hallo, old boy!" "What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried the old gentleman, starting to his feet,

purple with fury. "I—I really beg your pardon, sir," stammered Sothern. "I took you for an old friend of mine. Pray forgive me." The old gentleman resumed his seat, growling. Toole appeared at last, and Sothern, after abusing him for his unpunctuality, arranged with him for the dinner. While they were waiting for it to be served, Sothern said: "I say, Toole, I'll bet you a sovereign you won't go up to that old boy, hit him on the back, and say, 'Hallo, old boy!'" "Doot!" replied Toole, heartily; and he went behind the old gentleman, gave him a sounding smack on the back, and shouted, "Hallo, old boy!"—and was promptly knocked down.



"He centered his eye upon us."—"Life."

Reforming Paris.

THE longer I live in Paris the more eagerly I look forward to the day when the imperialistic tendency of the American people shall penetrate the spirit of American club women and cause these same women to organize for the reform of certain things of the Old World—in particular of Paris. American foreign missionary societies are not enough. What does it profit the French people to send, as we do, American missionaries and agents to the Latin Quarter, while all the streets of the city remain papered with indecent literature and while deadly germs of every description possess all the ways of life here? What, moreover, does it profit the Paris poor, pampered by American ladies' sewing societies, to have flannel petticoats trimmed with crocheted lace, hemmed and finished with tape hangers, Christmas trees, and even mince pie and crullers, when alcoholism continues to ravage the whole nation for the want of an American W.C.T.U., and when, for the want of the American woman's initiative, the servant question in Paris continues to be one of the first causes of social evils?

As I go about Paris I feel the spirit of Carrie Nation stir within my American soul, outraged by the kiosks and the countless shop windows wherein, on nearly every street, in every quarter alike, are exposed to view illustrated papers, magazines, books, and postal cards which are nothing short of vile. There is no thought, no form too indecent to be so pictured and so exhibited to the public. Men, women and little children hover in crowds over these exhibits, which are always especially numerous in the immediate vicinity of the lycées. At the hour when the boys go out to dejeuner I happened only the other day to be in a shop across the street from the Lycée Janson de Sailly, probably the most select public school in Paris. The boys descended upon the shop in a body, but only one of the illustrated papers making its appearance that morning—a high-colored, disgusting sheet that could no more exist openly anywhere in the whole United States than could a declared case of cholera or the bubonic plague walk down Broadway. And for the indecent exhibits of the kiosks the municipal government is directly responsible. These picturesque booths designed for the sale of papers along the streets are the property of the city of Paris, and the business done in them is under the strict political control. I often figure yearningly on the simple means and little time which would be required by an organization of American women to purify the streets of Paris of the pest of indecent literature. The tolerance of this thing by the French is, of course, explained by their philosophy, which, regarding intellectual activity as the supreme end of life, utterly excludes the moral idea from literary production. The free circulation of current publications, such as I have described, is the logical outcome of the national frame of mind which my femme de chambre has delivered to me upon occasion. I found her reading a little Bunty and an abominably illustrated copy of Guy de Maupassant's "Bel Ami." Now, I thought, here is a chance for America to do something for the moral uplifting of intellectual France.

"Rosalie," I said, "that is not a fit book for a young girl to read. It is very wicked and not at all nice."

"Si, madame," she cheerfully responded; "comme morale, c'est vraiment epouvantable. Mais, voyons; il a un style exquis—si fin, si spirituel. Ça me ravit."

Behold the last word of the beautiful intellect of Paris and the beginning of the illustrated weeklies.—Flora MacDonald Thompson in "Harper's Bazar."

The New Russian Hymn.

(As sung regularly at Port Arthur.)

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What that proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
No, your highness, I can't; for some time in the night,
It ran foul of a mine, and it's long past redeeming.
Giant powder's red flare,
Iron filings to spare—
Then up went a battleship high in the air,
And, mines of Port Arthur,
Oh, long may they float!
I regret to-o report-r-r!
Had destroyed-d—the wrong-boat-t-t!

Hold the Hose High.

Many persons must have noticed that the most diligent sprinkling of lawns and flower-beds falls to impart to the grass and plants a vital stimulus equal to that which comes from a good shower of rain.

It is suggested that there is an excellent reason for the difference. It is because rain, falling from a great height through the air, brings with it a considerable quantity of carbonic acid, of nitrogenous particles, and of other elements nutritious to plants, which it has washed out of the atmosphere. So a sprinkler used from the top of a tall building might be slightly more effective than when employed at the surface of the ground.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every grapho optical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Grapho optical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for answers. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Evangeline.—What's the matter with this one? If you don't possess a study within the limit send what you have to "Graphologist," care "Saturday Night," and write distinctly what you want. I know of "none other way." Did you enclose stamp for reply?

Geo. H. S.—It is a distinctly interesting hand, but has plenty of latent and some active weaknesses. You lack entirely the dominant touch, and there is a good deal of indecision in your purpose. You are not as careful as you might be when you trust, and your thought lacks sequence. You are disposed to selfishness, but not nearly so selfish, simply valuing yourself and your comfort a little too highly. You have ambition to excel in your occupation, but you are good temper, and some taste for the beautiful. Your tone is conventional, a sort of inspired conventionalism. In your nature there is a certain spirit of hope and buoyancy. You are neat, careful and systematic, and have probably had business training. Your own personal pride and self-approval is strong, and you will advance largely because of it. Don't get into the habit of talking unless you really have something to say. Judge carefully and justly. It is a very good, but staidly specimen. You have some facility, but the whole hand lacks strength.

Twin Sister No. 1.—It is a social, pleasant, staidly humorous, somewhat susceptible study, which might be over influenced by a strong will. There is some imagination, good cheer and adaptability shown. It is not a cultured, but a naturally clever and observant character. Your birthday, February 26, brings you under Pisces, the March sign, which begins to rule on February 19 or 20. The Pisces people are rather apt to provide occasion for patients to make their friends. They are often very dear people, and also very trying. You seem a fairly good Pisces child.

Twin Sister No. 2.—See here, don't you think October fourth is rather a long way from February twenty-fifth for a twin sister, or are you all twins in the sewing circle? As one of your studies is a copy of the original one, don't blame me if I don't find much in them. The twenty-fourth (twentieth) brings you also under a water sign, Scorpio, but with much of the preceding influence of Libra, and the latter is a first twin sister has more humor and general quickness of intellect, but you are the more level-headed; Scorpio is a much stronger sign than Pisces, and under unusual development of the latter. Silver—June fifteenth brings you under Gemini, and an unsettled purpose often bothers June children. Sometimes try several things before they settle to their life's work. The first thing towards success will be the harmonizing and focussing of your energies. Gemini is Castor and Pollux, and the two main of these twins often in conflict half through the life of the disturbed Gemini person. To harmonize them means to attain a great power mentally, and you must go about it, you think best. Gemini people are nearly always "anxious to make a success," as you say. Be rather anxious to destroy success. This is not preaching; it's straight talk to a Gemini, who may or may not think it worthy; you never can tell.

Madge.—November twenty-second brings you on the cusp of Scorpio and Sagittarius. There should be "doing" when you get started. You are rather a pessimist; there is little buoyancy in your lines. Strong self-reliance, bright perception, imagination and an excellent headpiece are yours. You don't know everything, but you are receptive and always learning. You speak out, sometimes, over-frankly, and if you follow your emotional instincts you'll probably soon be sorry. You are not fond of logic and have your own standard of worth.

Mother of 7.—I thought so when I owned that long envelope. What have I done to deserve a whole sewing circle? July 7 brings you under the full influence of Cancer, the Crab, whose children are called the eternal paradox. There are so many contradictory things. The writing is high-strung, ambitious and susceptible, with a good deal of "fibre." There is nothing unrefined about any of the studies, and the present one is tenacious, reasonable, and warmly affectionate, but not demonstrative. There is thought and energy, good sequence of ideas, and a certain cleverness visible.

Polly Primrose.—No time to guess, my good Pol, nor do I think it matters what your occupation may be. It's an honest one, I am quite sure, and it ought to be keeping your man's house. Your writing is frank and plausible, with excellent temper, cheerfulness, some humor, perseverance and energy. You take life easily, not girding against your trials, nor unduly elated over your triumphs. It is a pleasure rather than a strong hobby, each line remarking "persuasion is better than force." You are imaginative rather than matter-of-fact, and lightness and brightness appeal to your youth, for I fancy you're not very ancient.

Coral.—The 15th of March brings you under Pisces, the Fishes, a water sign. To tell you the honest truth, your writing is still childish, boyish at that, and, although showing plenty of force and the making of a man, your Pisces development, is too crude for study.

Japanese Babies.

THE babies of all except the richest Japanese are carried about on the back of an elder sister or brother from the time they are a few months old. The poorer the parents the sooner the baby is fastened on to the back of some elder member of the family, and it is not uncommon in the poorer quarters of Japanese city to see a group of children six or eight years old playing in the streets, each of whom bears a tiny baby sister or brother fastened with a few straps to its back.

These straps are just sufficient to prevent the baby from falling to the ground, leaving the comfort of its posture entirely dependent on its own exertions. As a result, the Japanese baby early gains a surprising control of its muscles, and it is almost impossible to drop even a tiny child from your arms, no firmly does it cling on with both arms and legs.

The dressing of a Japanese baby is a simple matter. It wears nothing but miniature kimono, the number varying with the condition of the weather. These garments are fitted one inside the other before they are put on. Then they are laid down on the floor, and the baby is slipped into them. They are long enough to cover the baby's feet, and the sleeves are also long enough to cover the baby's hands. Practically there is only one garment, and the process of dressing a Japanese baby takes but two or three minutes of its mother's time.

'OLD MULL' Scotch



Lung Training

in the development of perfect health

One-third of the world's adult population dies of weak lungs. 8,000 die yearly in Canada of Consumption, an absolutely preventable disease. The lungs purify the blood. Every part of the body is made from the blood. They should do their work thoroughly. Not one person in a thousand gives the lungs proper care, or knows how to keep them in a condition of perfect health.

The most prominent feature of the Kennedy System of Body Culture is the thoroughly scientific method of lung training which it embodies. It is the ideal form of exercise for the busy man of sedentary, confining occupation. It requires but little time.

Let me send you some valuable information and interesting booklets on this vitally important subject, with commendatory letters from prominent men who have benefited by my instruction. Give me an opportunity of explaining my system and its advantages. Get away from the medicine bottle and back to health. A Card or 'Phone Main 2388.

The Kennedy System
Yonge & Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

Originator and Instructor

Kidney Troubles Come from Neglect.

Highly colored urine, brick dust deposits in the urine, sharp shooting pains in the back, dull headaches, are sure signs of sick kidneys. Yet how many people neglect these signals until Bright's Disease makes relief impossible. At the first hint of kidney trouble drink...

VICHY

("Celestins" Springs.)

This famous water neutralizes uric acid, dissolves renal calculi, cleanses the kidneys and bladder of all deposits, and makes the kidneys strong and healthy.

Be sure to get the genuine VICHY—in bottles—with the tri-colored neck label of

Bovin, Wilson & Co., Montreal.
SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS.

Sunshine Furnace

Flues Easily Cleaned

Cleaning out the flues of most furnaces is so difficult and complicated that only an expert can do it, and experts' services usually come high.

The flues in the Sunshine Furnace can be cleaned from two different clean-out doors and from the feed-door, so that there is no part of the flues which is not easily reached.

A special brush for this purpose is always supplied, and the operation is so simple that a boy can perform it.

The whole Sunshine Furnace construction is on the same plan of simplicity.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Windsor Salt

For the table, for cooking, for butter-making. It is pure and will not cake.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED
BREWERS and MALTSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extra of Malt and Hops

My Cure for the Blues.

There is a sleek and unctuous cheerfulness which we hate; but it may not have so disastrous an effect on the person who is guilty of it as depression does.

Everyone admits that depression is bad for the digestion, the energy and endurance, the comfort, the appearance, the influence on others. No scientist doubts that depression is partly due to a chemical poisoning of the blood. As to its power on the mind, no person who has felt it would deny it. No one courts depression, as some seem to court various mistakes. Indeed, most mistakes are due to a desire to restore an upset equilibrium, which often appears as depression. This desire is a potent cause of drunkenness and drug-mania. What is the cure of the depression and of the habits to which it leads?

For patient persons who put up with present hardships and put up with the sake of future freedom, there are many cures: baths, some rigid dietary (perhaps some training dietary), the Weir-Mitchell rest treatment, the open-air treatment, and a dozen others, but all are likely to be unpleasant—like eventually valuable political revolutions—in their first effects. It is not that people mind the treatments; it is that they mind persevering in them. For the first result of them may be a worse depression than the one which they are going to remove.

There seems, however, to be one treatment—and that a rapid one, which may be taken with a grain of humor—having little or no such result. Professor James of Harvard has put down the length of the cure as a few minutes on each occasion. His words on the subject are very striking. He says:

"The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness is to sit up cheerfully, to look round and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind. From our attitudes, ceaseless inpouring currents of sensation come, which help to determine from moment to moment what our inner states shall be."

But when we practice the expression we must not be like many actors. It seems that many actors who act grief do not let the expression of it get hold of their organs, perhaps his solar plexus. Now we, when we consciously adopt a good attitude, should let ourselves go to it, should let it take hold of us all over, and work its sweet will and influence not merely upon our external organs and our whole self.

Everyone knows the attitude of depression, as seen in statues and pictures and human beings and animals. The head sinks forward and down. The opposite attitude is to look up, braced and energetic.

The facial expression of cheerfulness is not the frown, of course, nor any sorrowful muscular contraction, but the smile, to which Professor James alludes, kind or humorous, rather than oily. The wrong smile is a terrible thing.

Then there is talk, as another form of expression, which, however, may fall if it be mere words. But it should not be mere words; it should also be the tone and loudness of voice and the pace at which you talk.

Then there are the extremities—the hands and feet—which in case of depression or worry fidget or else tense. The treatment of them will be either stillness or stretching or relaxing, or perhaps some sensible, brisk movements, as during play. But most important, and most neglected of all expressions is the breathing. It is not merely a matter of how much oxygen you inhale (though that is important), but of the number of breaths and the rhythm of these breaths. A Hindu Yogi, when educating a baby, will teach it first a little about God, and then a little about the art of breathing. Breathe rhythmically and fully, yet not uncomfortably fully, through the nostrils, and you have the simplest remedy for depression and for many other nervous troubles.

When Dr. Maudsley said that he who is incapable of controlling his muscles is incapable of controlling his mind, I do not know whether he had in view that great muscle which helps to regulate the breathing, which affects the heart above and the stomach and liver below. But certainly he who is capable of controlling his diaphragm and his breathing, and who has a rhythmic rhythm—is far on the road towards controlling his mind. So is he who is good master of his muscles in the sense of giving them rest and regulating when their activity or tension would be of no advantage.

Such practical uses of expression do

not militate against other helps. Exercise, which can literally "shake off dull sloth" as well as dull care; water treatments, such as the washing of the wrists in cold water; diet, rest, use of will-power, sense of perspective, realization of a grand opportunity for character-building, or, if you like, of a good game to win.

This cure we emphasize, however—this cure by expression—because it is so cheap and so little known. People imagine that an emotion always comes first, its expression afterwards as a result. They know that this expression can be stopped. They know that they can feel angry, yet restrain the expression of anger. They fail to realize that frequently emotion and expression may be one, or rather that both may be results of some one cause, and that the expression can actually give rise to emotion, which also can be stopped.

Moreover, the few who do know this are apt to carry it to an extreme, to become self-conscious, and morbidly intuitive prigs with no sense of their own grotesqueness.

Yet even this may be somewhat better than to express depression, and to give one's self up to it. We may become absolute and unquestioned lords of the inner fortress of our mind thereby, but as we are refusing to surrender the outposts, that is, I think Carlyle—invented the phrase, "the explosive power of a new affection or emotion." That is not our idea here. A new affection of emotion is hard to procure in a moment. Our idea here is the explosive and creative power of a new and opposite expression.

Why the expression—which is so much more under our will, so much more easy to regulate—should tend to produce the corresponding emotion, we do not know. Perhaps there may be some effect on the tiny lymph-vessels and blood-vessels near the surface of the body, some effect in quickening or slackening the circulation, or some subtle chemical change. That is certainly one of the effects of any and every emotion—a subtle chemical change, either tonic and building and repairing, or paralyzing and tearing down and destroying. Neither do we know that the expression does always tend to produce the corresponding emotion. But what we do know is that the plan is economical, easy, interesting and quite likely to succeed; and that it stands almost alone among methods of healing, inasmuch as we have not found its immediate effect unpleasant. Indeed, its immediate effect has often been to make people laugh.

And assuredly our external and our internal organs are part of our environment which we can command with less difficulty than the locality, the weather, the ventilation, the furniture, the companions, the work and the emotions themselves.

RUSTACE MILES.



The Groom—I'd like to catch the man who got up the idea of throwing rice at wedding couples.—"Life."

A Genuine Hero.

I stopped before a new statue—one that I had never seen before in the park. The name upon it, too, was new. I could not recall the face as that of a man who had served his country on land or sea, in the halls of legislation, or, in fact, in any line. By a statue never erected in his honor was a question that I could not answer; but when I went around to the other side I learned that the man was a real hero, and that he deserved the honor that had been paid him, for I saw the following words: "Sacred to the memory of a man who gave up smoking and kept his pledge of respect. I walked on until I reached a drug-store, where I bought a dozen Flor de Cabbages."

"Camp Licksillet."

A Night of Woe Upon the Desert.

HERE may have been an on-rier drier than Ole Bluey, but I would have to have proof before believin' it. That ugly blue animal ought never been' in the world, because he didn't have the sense that any self-respectin' fishworm ought to have; an' what was worse, his pore masser, which the same was me, had to suffer for his ignorance.

Long Bill Burke an' me was campin' out on the Moharvey Desert several years ago. We'd hiked up then a tough luck at Randsburg, and was doin' the long hike down to Kramer to investigate some little excitement we'd heard about in that vicinity.

Now, crossin' the desert ain't no picnic excursion. You have to figger mighty close or you'll decorate the desert with choice assortment of bones which once belonged to yourself. Me an' Long Bill Burke had calculated about how much water an' provisions was goin' to be necessary, an' we'd hiked through all rights; but about half-way across to Kramer the jackass snagged ag'in a yucca spine an' went dead lame. So we had to crawl along, as we would, on the evening of the day I'm ffigurin' on tellin' about, we went into camp with nothin' to eat but a hunk o' bacon an' a pot o' coffee. That gone, we hadn't a crumb ner a drop of water, an' Kramer was nigh out on a day's travel ahead of us.

"This yere is tough luck, Bill!" says I.

"You've named it all right," says Bill. "But we'll just boil that pot o' coffee and pour it in our canteen so's to have it to drink on the march to-morrow. We'll fry the bacon, too; an' by economizin' rind down the fat, we'll, I deems we pull through to-morrow—some little hungry an' thirsty, but all there."

So after we stakes out the burro an' gets him started to gnawin' grease-wood, we gets out the bacon an' slices it up ready for the pan, puts the coffee in the pot, and empties in the last drop of our precious water. Then we goes rompin' around huntin' chunks of petrified yucca to cook it by. Wood's scarce in them wastes, and you has to hunt mighty assiduous before you finds enough to cook a pot of coffee.

We're returnin' to camp plumb tired out, when Bill remarks to me that he could eat a bulldog stuffed with carpet-tacks.

"And I'm that thirsty," says I, "that I could drink soapuds an' never bat an eye."

Just then we comes into camp an' looks around for our bacon. They ain't none to be seen, an' there Ole Bluey sat with a happy smile on his face, and waggin' his tail a heap furious as he welcomed us. He had turned out an' armloads of wood which we was to cook our bacon with—an' there wasn't any bacon left!

I howl I've heard considerable profanity in my time, from first to last, but the article Long Bill Burke dishes up for this yere special occasion shore excels anything I've ever listened to before. I knowed he was hearin' his plumb through to the end; and when he stops and wipes his fevered brow, I hasn't anything to add.

Ole Bluey lies with a look of doubt on his face; and he searches first one face an' then the other to see what it's about. He don't seem to get a line on it at all; but after a while he sort o' gets a notion that we're feedin' on friendly to him about somethin', and he scoots out in the dark to keep the burro company.

But, he builds the fire—for the evenin' is chilly in the desert—and then we discusses Ole Bluey's future a heap grave and serious.

"Of course we slays him," says Long Bill.

"Shore!" says I, for I was hungry, and I was yearnin' for revenge. "But, Bill," says I, "they's nothin' to eat between yere an' the mornin' but the darn coyote live till we get good an' ready to chaw him—and then he'll be fresh meat a whole lot!"

Long Bill cogitated a plenty deep. "That's a good idee," says he, "an' we lets him live till dinner to-morrow."

Then we spreads out our blankets and tries to go to bed. But that awful gravin' simply won't let us. We're shore hungry and no mistake.

I goes over to the pack after a while and starts rummagin' in an aimless sort of way, hopin' to pick out a dried prune berry or so, to let the darn coyote live till we get good an' ready to chaw him—and then he'll be fresh meat a whole lot!"

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Snail's Sense of Smell.

ACCORDING to the researches of M. Emile Yung, the sense of smell in the snail seems to be located not only in the feeling organs, but all over the body, as experiment proves that it can perceive odors by means of sensory cells which are placed in different parts of the body, quite apart from the special organs which might be supposed to be his only means of sensation. The idea of sensory cells of this kind distributed over the body of an animal is an interesting one, and is clearly brought out in M. Yung's experiments which form the subject of a paper read before the Academie des Sciences. He observes the large snail (Helix Pomatia), which is common in France. It has been generally admitted since the observations of Moquin-Tandon that the snail has a good sense of smell, and the organ is seated in the terminal button at the end of the large feelers. Hence the term of nasal organ which he gives to the latter, and the expression olfactory ganglia, or pharyngeal, etc., which a number of scientists now use for designating these nerves and ganglia.

The writer explored the body of the Helix with a camel's hair brush dipped in a non-corrosive odorant, such as essence of chamomile. He finds that if the olfactory sensibility exists in the large feelers, it is not localized there exclusively. The small feelers, the under part, the skin of the back, and, in fact, the entire surface not covered by the shell, are affected by the odor. The numerous experiments which he made show that the snail is still in the stage of diffusion of the olfactory sense, and can, in fact, smell odors at all parts of his body. As Cuvier already supposed, the feelers are more sensitive to odors than on the back, etc., but, contrary to the opinion of Moquin-Tandon, a snail which had its four feelers amputated did not change its manner of eating, and was able to find its food; it also fled from disagreeable or harmful odors. A microscopic examination of the olfactory nerve cells did not show any reason for giving a special name to one part of the body to the exclusion of the other. The cells differ from one another by their number only. He considers that the cells are capable of receiving different sensations, such as shocks, heat, odors, etc. As to the distance at which the snail can smell odors, he places a dozen or more snails (which have been deprived of food) in a circle, and puts different kinds of food in the center. When the snail perceives the odor he is attracted towards the middle. In most cases the attraction took place at a small distance, an inch or more. Distances higher than this were obtained only by foods giving a very strong odor, such as ripe melon. No substance attracted further than sixteen inches.—"Scientific American."

An Old Salt's Observations.

LOVE dies of starvation in some houses, but there's more in which it's indigestion kills it. Water in a ship's hold can stay at the same level. Love in a household can't—it'll git more or less, as sure as fate.

A woman who was born as misshapen as she makes herself with corsets an' such truck would commit suicide from pure shame about her figger.

Some women are like frogs—not 'cause they're damp an' clammy to th' touch, for that they ain't, but 'cause they much obscure our views of other things.

I passed Jim Brown two weeks ago, when he was walkin' in th' road behind a mule-team, an' forgot to not to him. This mornin' I passed him ag'in, when he was ridin' in a carriage, an' I took off my hat an' waved it real cordial like I wonder why.

Ain't it funny about women that flirt? One o' em'll stay awake all night thinkin' about th' man that wouldn't wink back at her, while th' chap that fell plumb in love at first sight won't git so much as an extra snort as she cuddles down an' goes to sleep.

Here's a precept that a passenger flung at me after his wife had threatened to git a divorce because he had seen somethin' on th' horizon that he said was a cloud an' she'd declared it was a woman. "Never marry a woman who's in love with you," he says to me. "Cause she'll expect too much," he says. "Never marry one who ain't in love, 'cause she'll expect too much." Then he went into th' smokin'-room an' told th' steward to bring him a Scotch high-ball.

I went ashore in a foreign port, an' th' people was givin' a humty-roddeed in honor of th' king. Why? I asks. "Cause he's licked every other nation within reach of him," says a native, "but down forty-six revolutions an' a dog-fight, fooled all th' other countries of th' earth in a holomawsey, caught all th' criminals, cured all th' sick, cheered th' unhappy, wrote a historical novel that's had a bigger sale than 'Eben Holden,' solved th' servant problem, squared th' circle, an' th' philosopher's stone, straightened out th' currency muddle, done away with tariff arguments, reconciled Tom Platt with Richard Croker, drove an eight-hoss team with th' reins in his teeth an' a flag in each hand, broke th' record for th' runnin' long-jump, an' learned th' Bible so's he can recite it backward with his eyes shut an' a pebble in his shoe." "Mercy on us!" says I. "He's a great king. Ain't his people happy, though? But what makes him look so kind o' worried?"

"Oh," says th' man that was a-talkin' to me, "that's because he wants the queen to go to th' seashore this summer, an' she says she's goin' to th' mountains." "Can't he mite her go where he wants her to?" I asked. "Make her?" says th' man. "Why, she's his wife!" "Oh!" says I.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

Bursley—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it. Floyd—The man's a fool. "That may be a mere coincidence."

Kills as Well as Tortures.

Fatal Results From Indigestion Unless Promptly Cured—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the One Sure Cure.

Don't imagine because you say the pains and aches and discomforts that follow a hearty meal are "only indigestion" that you are not wrestling with a dangerous malady. Indigestion not only tortures; it kills. It weakens the body, and it is an easy mark for infectious diseases. It is the cause of Appendicitis. The time to check it is now. The means of checking and curing it is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. The proof is thousands of cures like that of Ademard Coderre of St. Jacques de L'Achigan, Que. Mr. Coderre writes:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia caused by inflammation of the stomach. I tried different medicines without getting any relief, when hearing of cures by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets I led me to try them. Two boxes cured me completely."

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The Spelling of Foreign Names.

THE readers of war news from the Far East perplexed at the names of the various localities occupied by the Japanese and Russian militaries, are doubtless unaware that these names are transliterated from their native sources according to a system adopted by most of the European nations as well as by Canada and the United States. The rules that have been adopted provide that the vowels shall have the same sounds as are given to the vowels of the languages of Southern Europe. Thus u is used for the sound of oo in boot, and as a result the common form is Manchuria in preference to Manchouia, Chefoo for Chefoo, Amur for Amooia, etc. The sound of i in ice is represented by ai, ow in how by au, while a modification of this latter sound such as is encountered in Mindado and Nanao by a o. The el of Beirut is the sound of the two Italian vowels, but is often modified by slurring, so that it closely resembles the ey in the English word they. As regards the consonants there is a similar set of rules. The hard c must be represented by k, and hence Korea is preferable to Corea, while ch is soft, as in the English word church. The f sound is represented by that letter and not by ph, as stands for the hard sound, h is always pronounced, and j and k enjoy the same sounds as in English. For the guttural sounds, which occur frequently in Oriental languages, kh and gh are used, while ng is used in different words for different sounds, such as in finger, where there are two sounds, and in singer, where there is but one. The sound corresponding to the English qu is not represented by q, but by kw, as in Kwangtung, while y is always a consonant as in English yard.

Points on Pipes.

ALWAYS put your pipe in the rack with the mouthpiece upward; by so doing you avoid the nicotine running back into the mouthpiece. It is always better to remove the latter when putting the pipe away, that it may dry and sweeten with the air going through it. The best cleaner is a feather dipped in alcohol or whiskey.

Before smoking a new briar pipe, it is well to run cold water through it, as it seasons and cools the wood, and removes dust or other matter that may be in the stem. When filling your pipe, press the tobacco with the point of your finger at the side next the stem, and you will find the tobacco will burn even, and to a great extent avoid burning. By drawing slowly you also avoid burning. It is through quick smoking, or smoking in the wind, that so many pipes get burned out.

When your pipe becomes filled with carbon through long use, never use a knife, or you will ruin it. Get a pipe-bowl scraper. Do not fail to press the

tobacco tight in a meerschaum for the first half-dozen smokes, especially at the side of the bowl next to stem. You equalize the heat, and strike a straight coloring-line.

If you wish to color meerschaum, put the plug—meerschaum plug is the best—a little above the line you wish to strike from, and draw slowly. The slower the pipe is smoked the higher the color. Quick drawing burns out the wax, and leaves no coloring substance. It is only the prepared beeswax with which meerschaum is finished that colors. Without wax there is no coloring substance in meerschaum whatever.

The Nerve of Them.

Mrs. Newlyriche—Well, of all the impudence!

Mr. Newlyriche—What is it, Hannah?

Mrs. Newlyriche—Them poor first cousins of yours have gone and got themselves the same ideal ancestors that you've got!—"Puck."

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Our Back-Garden Party.

MR. SMITH was a low, coarse person. At one time he was my next-door neighbor. The bond of friendship had never at any time existed very closely between Mr. Smith and myself. On one occasion he had a creeper growing on his side of the garden fence, and by degrees shoots of this creeper worked themselves through to my side. As soon as Mr. Smith discovered that I was engaged in trailing the creeper round my garden from his root, he cut off the supply at the main, as it were, and then, calmly leaning over the fence, he handed me a small leaflet on the sin of profanity. The next day he went to



"A small leaflet on the sin of profanity."

the expense of fitting up a supply of spiky nails all along the top of the palings.

Mr. Smith's abominable lowliness reached its climax in the summer. It happened on the day my wife and I were giving our annual garden-party. We had not a very large garden. Formerly we had had an invalid gentleman, but latterly I had been trying to put some of it under cultivation on the strength of reasonable tips supplied in our Sunday paper. We had a gooseberry bush in one corner that had been left by the last tenant, but we had never picked anything off it except an old hat and a piece of faded carpet. In another corner we had an invalid geranium, propped up on sticks, to gladden the surrounding waste and give it all an air of joyous springtime. We had tried to produce other flowers from the penny packets, but when one of them came up a little way and saw the kind of garden it had got for its home, it went back again and has never been heard of since. There was, too, a little piece of lawn in the center, but it had been moulting for so long that it was almost past recovery.

We were not rich in those days, but we always meant to do the right thing by our friends. After dinner, on the evening in question, we sat around on the lawn and watched it grow dark; while our guests attempted a little conversation, and tried to look as if they were not aware that the neighbors were scrutinizing them critically all the time from their windows. Mr. Thompson, from the next road, related



"A cigar with a piece of red paper round it."

to us a pleasing little anecdote of his boyhood, and I sat by, thoughtfully smoking a cigar with a piece of red paper round it that I had picked up cheap at a sale. Mr. Smith first displayed his intense lowliness by looking down upon us from his top-floor chamber and having a paroxysm of coughing every few seconds. Then he remarked pleasantly to his neighbors on the other side that a spread like ours must have cost at least half-a-crown.

It was getting dark when Mr. Smith's lame dog began to howl and whine most painfully. I was just explaining to our guests that Mr. Smith kept that dog in the hall every night so that if ever burglars broke into his house the animal would awaken him with its barking and give him time to crawl under the bed, when Mr. Thompson grabbed me excitedly, by the arm and pointed to the top of the fence. The next moment we sat as if glued to our chairs in horror and dismay.

Above the fence there was rising slowly but certainly a wild, weird, ghostly creature. Its eyeballs flashed brightly through the darkness, and the way it moaned and gurgled was really awful to hear. We fixed our eyes upon it with a cold, stony stare till our faces assumed a delicately pale green hue, and then the ladies hurriedly adjourned in a body to the back of the gooseberry bush, while one of the gentlemen took a couple of my teaspoons out of his boot and put them back again on the table, and promised to lead a better life for the future.

Meanwhile, the ghostly thing rose higher and higher, moaning with a sepulchral voice all the time, and click-



"The ghostly thing rose higher."

ing its teeth at intervals in a manner that made our blood run cold. One of

the guests solemnly assured us that it was the Old Gentleman who had come to personally conduct us to the spot that is neither here nor there; and that's what made me so mad when young Mr. Higgins from the next road—who, I regret to say, was far from sober—attempted to get up and feed the weird thing with a broken wine biscuit. In the fright of the moment Mr. Thompson, with pardonable absence of mind, mistook the decanter of sherry for his wine-glass and drained it dry.

All of a sudden the ghost seemed to totter. An instant afterwards it sat down abruptly on the top of the fence; and then the sepulchral moaning gave place to a wild, unearthly yell, and a few casual remarks in pure unbroken Billingsgate that cannot very well be reproduced here owing to the delicate nature of our printing machinery. We realized the situation all at once. The ghost had unexpectedly sat down on the spiky nails; and from its blood-curdling squeals as it satteled and writhed we hastily concluded that its structure in that particular region was of a more solid nature than a self-respecting ghost is usually supposed to be.

Five of us rose and went for it, dragging it down in reckless disregard of the sound of a garment being torn by torn from the fence. The ghost's head fell off in the skirmish, and we took the body up between us, and after a vigorous shake emptied my neighbor, Mr. Smith, out of its backbone. Mr. Smith attempted to explain that it was only a little joke; and as we all felt so grateful for our merited deliverance, we concluded not to be hard on him. So, just as we were going up inside the ghost, and after bumping him two or three times against the fence as an outlet for our emotions, we passed him over the top to his wife.

"Did you get along without being punished in school to-day?"

"Yep; the teacher didn't catch me out."

"The ghostly thing rose higher."

ing its teeth at intervals in a manner that made our blood run cold. One of

TARPON FISHING

TARPON, of course, was what we were after, for as long as the "big game" instinct lives in the heart of man that silver king of Southern waters never will be so far from our stretches as his favorite haunts. But, though it was some weeks before we found our quarry, the cruise brought us much good sport on our stretches; it was impossible to look out of the time as wasted. Novices we were, both in Florida waters and in tarpon fishing, but that fact, while going far to explain our early lack of success, only added to our keenness and enthusiasm when we finally reached our first tarpon in Boca Grande Pass.

Bahia Honda pronounced Bay Honda was the first place for which we aimed with a view to serious fishing, though all the way along the eastern cays, and farther out just inside the reef, we had good sport trolling. No one who has sailed in Florida waters needs to be reminded of the beauty of the scenery, with its lovely blue and emerald green broken only where a strip of bright blue water reaches in to make an island. From the sea the land shows nothing but a mass of palm trees and an endless tangle of mangroves; overhead is a cloudless sky and a cool breeze; underneath is twenty feet of water so clear that you can see every rock and ripple in the bottom, and the fishes scud away in fright from the clear-marked shadow of your sail.

Kingfish bit hungrily at old lead sinkers, and called away the lightest of "snappers" which we sometimes used to tempt smaller fry. Snappers, too, could be had in plenty, and even the old grumpers, nosing lazily along the bottom, could not resist the gently spinning baits we sank down to them when almost becalmed. Best of all were the amberjack, or cavalier, running anywhere from five to fifteen pounds, for we went after them with rod and line, and they are a game fish that fight three times their weight.

It was at Bahia Honda, however, that we had our first real fight, and incidentally it might be as well to warn other strangers not to imitate our mistake and name the place as an address to which their mail is to be forwarded. It is a group of cays about twenty miles from Key West, but the only sign of civilization there is a big red beacon which marks the entrance to the channel. This is a little more than a mile wide, and as it is the only opening of the kind between the cays, for fully a hundred miles to the north, the tides run in and out with tremendous force. We had to anchor well inside under the land, and even there the rip of the tide over the rocks was such that we substituted an iron cable for the three-inch manila hawser to which we had been riding hitherto.

Here one of the guides told us tarpon would be found in abundance, and the fame of the 213-pound fish—the record for tarpon on rod and line—which had been caught in the year before, raised our hopes to enthusiasm when we dropped anchor there. Five o'clock did not seem any too early to make a start, and the next morning, for our initial mistake, we knew nothing of the tarpon's almost invariable habit of feeding on the turn of the tides; and that hour two of us started off in the little four-horse power gasoline launch we had been towing astern. It was only later, too, that we learned to blush at the idea of having gone after tarpon in a launch of that kind, and much handier boat than that to hook and land one of the big fellows when you have started your fight with him.

The amberjack were running in schools, and they came to our hooks so fast while we were trolling that we soon decided we must drop anchor and fish nearer the bottom if we wanted to give the tarpon a chance. Half-pound steaks of jack was the bait we used, and here again we made a double mistake, for mullet is the only recognized bait for tarpon in Florida, and of this only a long narrow strip is used.

We soon had some fun, however, for our line, snubbed about twenty feet, had not been over long before the reel gave a sudden click and at the strike the tip of the stout rod bent double in the little four-horse power gasoline launch we had been towing astern. We had had their ears out in readiness to start off in pursuit so as to ease the strain as the line went zipping off the reel, but they were fast anchored, and merely held on to the reel as the heavy drag on the reel and the pressure of the leather brake, pressed down on the spool till the line fairly smoked, seemed to us an article of faith in our limited knowledge that a tarpon always jumps when he feels the hook—we were desperately anxious to learn what was the matter with the fish, and a shark had been given up, for we were using a leather snood, and a shark's teeth would have made short work of the snood. But we were so sure we were on a tarpon that we were not to be deterred by such trifles.

For five or twenty minutes the tug-of-war continued, the fish at no time getting the worst of it; but though we knew by this time it was no tarpon, for it was an article of faith in our limited knowledge that a tarpon always jumps when he feels the hook—we were desperately anxious to learn what was the matter with the fish, and a shark had been given up, for we were using a leather snood, and a shark's teeth would have made short work of the snood. But we were so sure we were on a tarpon that we were not to be deterred by such trifles.

The guide is offering platitudes about "not expecting to do everything right

was running in, but it was carrying us far to the westward of the yacht, and as we drifted further and further in the fight, caring only to head the launch so that the fisherman could handle his rod and check the rushes of his prey most easily, the headlight dropped out of sight, and we took our bearings by the stars to guide us home.

Seven and eight o'clock passed. We had taken turns at the rod, for the long strain on wrists and arms, fighting all the time, grew more than painful. But at last we had nearly all our line in. The fish, though still strong, was sulky, low, circling round and round in short sweeps that made it impossible to hold him steadily on one side of the boat, and threw us in a panic every minute lest he should break away. This, on his heel and so break away. This, indeed, seemed to be the object the brute was consciously aiming at, for every time we worked him clear he would turn and dive head straight under us, dragging the line slowly along the bottom of the boat.

At last, reluctantly enough, we decided to give up the varying landings him out there, taking into consideration the difficulty of gaffing him in the dark and the probability of his breaking us if we missed him. Accordingly, we started to row him ignominiously back to the yacht. It was a four-mile row against the wind, with the fish dragging a laden scow, and we were glad enough when, after an hour, we fell in with a search party that had been sent out in the dinghy to see what had become of us. Our fish was nearly drowned by the time we got along side, for we made the best time we could with fresh hands at the oars, and was comparatively easy to haul him in by hand and drive a heavy gaff under his throat. It was the first hook we had had at our prize, which found it was a jewfish. A running tackle slipped round his tail we needed to get him on board, for he tipped the scales at 163 pounds.

We stayed a day or two longer at Bahia Honda, with varying luck, but as never a tarpon rolled we headed north up the west coast for Punta Rasa, where, our black mentor informed us, there was a "never not" tarpon. Our two days there were absolutely blank, however, the tarpon, of which there had been plenty a week or so earlier, having gone still further north; and though we had all the sport we wanted with channel bass, mackerel, sea trout and other smaller fry, we were not the bigger game, and we pushed on for Punta Gorda, sixty miles further up Charlotte Sound. Two-thirds of the way, however, the sight of a fleet of small fishing boats gathered round the "Seep" Inn (the only civilized place we had seen since leaving Miami) brought us to an anchor, and going ashore we found the place a regular fishing encampment. The catch for the day before had been eleven tarpon, and the fish had been biting steadily for a fortnight past.

Our first visit was to engage two guides, for we had got out of conceit with the somewhat doubtful success of our own unaided efforts; and the next point to be determined was whether we should anchor at Uspagh and go over to the fishing grounds in Boca Grande Pass, four miles away, in the launch that ran twice a day from the hotel for the benefit of its guests, or anchor nearer the channel. We decided in favor of being on the spot, and taking our guides to the fishing grounds, and anchoring just inside the pass.

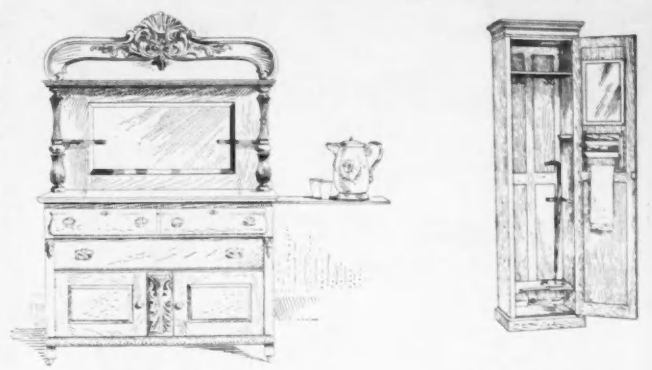
The hotel party, we learned, numbered about thirty of both sexes, the women being by no means the least successful in contributing to the daily records. It is an inspiring scene, that little knot of sportsmen—some from the Northern States, some from the Pacific Coast and not a few from England and Scotland—clustered in that out-of-the-way strip of water intent on the single aim of "killing a tarpon." Now and then the guides chaff each other as they float by, but for the most part all are intent on the business in hand. The fishermen needs all the help for the smallest touch on the line, their guides watching for the quiver of the rod that is the first hint of a strike.

On that first evening the sport began early. Our line hardly was cast when there was a cry of "There he rolls!" and not a dozen yards away there was a splash and a flash—the unmistakable flash of a tarpon's tail. In the boat nearest there was a tightening of grips on rods, while the guides backed or pulled over so gently, to make sure their lines were hanging exactly parallel to the water surface, that they might have spared themselves the bother of reeling. A minute later there was a tearing sound and a little woman in one of the boats, a second before a delicate sketch in white muslin, was sitting poised up in her chair, her hands braced against the rudder-post, her back bent and straining, her arms rigid against the buckling rod. With a single whoop of joy her guide already was rowing his hardest, straight ahead, with the one object of keeping the line taut when the fish jumped; and the other boats, pressing round a moment earlier to get the view of the fish, also scattered in every direction to give the game fair play. Those just astern of the boat in action were especially anxious to get the view of the fish, more than once that a jumping tarpon has landed in another boat, to the no slight danger of its occupants.

Strait as a line the big fellow rushed to the surface as he felt the hook, flinging his huge bulk, one sparkling mass of silvery scales and foam, ten or twelve feet into the air. A terrier shaking a rat, he tossed his head in desperate efforts to throw out the hook, plunging back only to gather fresh impetus for another leap. It is just here that a fish most frequently is lost, for if he has followed the boat up at all and is allowed to get any slack the hook will fly clear and the fight is over. It is for this reason that the sinkers are tied on but loosely, in order that if the line should go slack he may have as little purchase as possible to work against.

With the last of the tarpon's jumps the spectacular part of the game is over for the onlookers, and they turn back to watch their own lines. A second or third, six times that evening, we heard the shout of triumph that told of a strike, saw the splendid leaps and watched the boats make their way seaward to the beach; but still our line hung undisturbed straight below us, moving only with the gentle tossing of the boat. Some of the fishers already had turned shoreward for the night, for the tide was beginning to run in strongly, and our line had not been dragged two minutes, well out beyond the lighthouse, before the boat had drifted in past the dock again. But the tarpon still were rolling, and laboriously we took one more long row more.

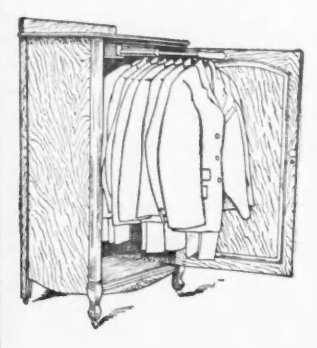
The guide is offering platitudes about "not expecting to do everything right



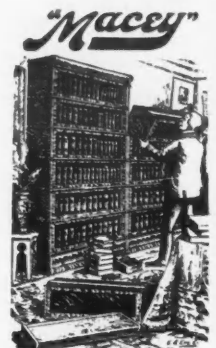
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off the reel and "better luck to-morrow night," even contriving to take much credit to himself for the sport he has provided you in watching others catch fish, when suddenly you feel a little thrill. You feel a jerk as though nibble the giant fish you have seen battle so furiously? You think not, and sit motionless for a fraction of a second. But the watchful guide knows better.

"Soak him!" he whispers, and there is a plunge and snarl of the oars behind you as at the beginning of a race at the same instant that you obediently give the butt. You feel a jerk as though you had hooked an unbusted broncho, and the reel goes tearing out in spite of one thumb pressed hard on the line and the rod and the other jamming the leather brake down against the reel. There is a sudden slackening as the fish jumps high in air, but you have no time to note the beauty of the leap; you only see that he is "as big as a house" and fear that slack line means he has got away. A second later your fears are at rest as the line whirrs out again, and when next he jumps, if you are quick and clever enough, you will be ready for him and reel in a yard or two before the strain falls on the line again.

But the hardest part of the fight comes when he has stopped jumping and settles down to defy you in his element. Backing up after him when his rush is too strong, rowing away to help you down him whenever he shows signs of weakening or giving up a breath, your guide fights the battle for you. But even so you are working your hardest, and at the end of fifteen minutes, gaining a little here, losing as much again there, you feel that if the fish does not yield soon he will simply pull the rod out of your tired hands. All the time your guide has been working the boat toward the fish, for when once the fish is beaten you must be prepared to land him without delay, or some ravenous shark will take him from you.

"Pump him!" says the guide, and slowly you raise the tip of your rod till it is almost perpendicular, and then reel slowly in, never relaxing the strain, till the tip is dragged down to the water again. You repeat the action again and again, getting in a few feet each time, but the tarpon, though tiring, is full of fight yet, and a sudden rush sets the reel spinning once more.

"Give him the spring of the rod!" is the instant command, as the tip goes down and touches the water; and the next plunge you raise it and feel you have the fish under control once more as he fights against the strong bow of the rod instead of pulling straight on the reel. You repeat the action again, and you have "pumped" him to within twenty or thirty feet. So you hold him while the boat is quickly beached and the guide, running into the water up to his waist, gaffs him and brings him ashore.

Many a fish is lost after the boat is beached, for a bungle with the gaff may knock the hook out of his mouth or twist and snap the wire snood. The sharks also have to be counted with

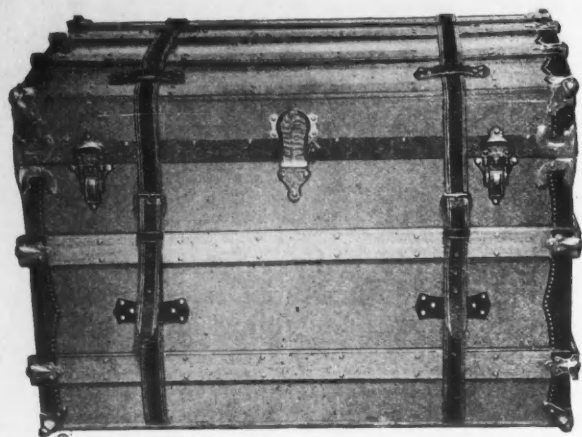
Ask your doctor about cheese as a diet. He will tell you that it has great sustaining qualities and is very digestible. In fact, many physicians now prescribe cheese to their patients in convalescence. Good cheese is most valuable as a food. But be sure it is "good." If you get MacLaren's Imperial you need not worry.

MacLaren's Imperial is put up in oval tins and is for sale in every grocery store in Canada (if the grocer is wise).

right up to the minute the fish is high and dry. One morning we lost one not ten feet from the shore, the shark rushing in and snatching him in a spendid smother of froth and flashing fins in spite of our efforts to beat him off with an oar.

That same evening, in the "off" hours, while waiting for a tide, a sixteen-foot hammerhead was hauled in on a shark line, and, in addition to a school of thirty-five young ones that were cut out, two tarpon heads, one with the hook and wire intact, were between a score of boats in April the records show five or six taken by a single fisherman two months later. Only the most inveterate anglers, however, stay so late, for by the end of June the heat and the mosquitoes together are almost beyond endurance. The sharks also are worse than ever then, and often it is necessary to turn in at night to escape from them. But your line, in order to escape from his slower assailant, and trusting to being able to catch him all over again when the shark has lost him and gone off after other prey.—R. W. St. Hill.

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A Valuable Publication.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1904 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1 the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the 1904 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the vari-

ous resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad. On and after June 1 this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or upon application to George W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

He Had 'Em.

Customer (to chemist's assistant)—In a business like this I presume you have gained some practical experience of therapeutics? Chemist's Assistant—Indeed, yes, sir. I had 'em when I was ten years old. Broke out all over me.

"Quick, mother! Baby brother has fallen down the well!" "Oh! oh! And the well hasn't been sterilized!"—"Town Topics." Mrs. Benham—Now, in other words—Benham—There aren't any; you've used them all.



Miss Viola Allen, who comes to the Princess Theater as Viola in "Twelfth Night" next Monday.

Society at the Capital

THE Ottawa Golf Club celebrated its official opening on Tuesday by holding a large reception at the beautiful clubhouse, which was opened to the public. The day was an ideal one for an out-of-door entertainment, and the club house, which is not to be surpassed in Canada, in respect to its architecture, appointments and situation, was looking its prettiest. These facts combined with the distinguished presence of His Excellency, Lady Eileen Elliot and nearly a thousand guests, all in their happiest mood, contributed to make the afternoon's outing a most delightful and enjoyable one. Nearly all the gentlemen golfers came in their "pink" coats, and these, in combination with the pretty summer frocks of Ottawa's beauty and fashion, formed a gay and picturesque scene on the bright green meadows. Mrs. G. H. Perley, wife of the president of the Golf Club, received the guests, and those who did not engage in the fascinating game were content to wander at will over the grounds and through the pretty club house admiring its artistic furnishings, which are carried out in colonial style. The ballroom was arranged and the floor waxed, in readiness for dancing, but the attractions outside proved too strong, and the terpsichorean art was on this occasion quite abandoned. The 3rd Regiment Band played popular airs during the afternoon from their station on the balcony over the portico, and refreshments were to be had in the large and airy dining-room, which was seasonably decorated with a profusion of flowers of all kinds. His Excellency honored the occasion by making a short and bright little speech, in which he congratulated the club on its success in its future career. A very interesting putting and approaching match was played later on in the afternoon, for which prizes were given. Mrs. Hazen Hainsard coming off victorious among the ladies, and Mr. Allan Palmer being awarded the gentlemen's prize, each of whom was made the richer by a dozen golf balls. Among the many familiar faces recognized in the large throng of guests were the following: His Excellency and Lady Eileen Elliot, Major and Mrs. Maude de Jaffa, Captain Graham, Captain Bell, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Belcourt, Mr. Pringle, M.P., and Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and the Misses Lemoine, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, and Mrs. Hon. Clayton, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. Cogswell of Concord, N.H., and a great many others, representing both church and state. Mr. Austin, president of the Lambton Golf Club, honored the occasion by coming to Ottawa especially for the event.

It was good news to everyone in Ottawa to hear of Lady Eileen Elliot's success at the Montreal Horse Show, where her little ladyship won several prizes, both for her riding and driving. Her nerve was wonderful in one so young, and she is an excellent whip and fearless rider. Not only did she win a prize for her own pony, Bendigo, but she also carried off the blue ribbon for a pony belonging to an "American" gentleman, Mr. Allan Forbes of Boston, and in the tandem driving contest where she competed with many practiced hands, came third on the list. The gowns of the Government House party were very much admired during the Horse Show. Lady Eileen Elliot wore in the morning a gown of blue canvas, with a great deal of cream lace and light hat trimmed with blue, and in the afternoon was in cream cloth, with large black picture hat. Lady Violet wore most of the time her riding habit, but when she drove was simply dressed in a white frock and large white hat with pale blue trimmings. Lady Eileen's gown in the evening was of pale pink crepe and hat of the same delicate shade trimmed with roses. Quite a large number of guests have lately arrived in Ottawa to spend a short time. Among them are the following: Lord and Lady Borthwick, recently arrived from England, the guests of Lord Dunsford and Lady Elizabeth Cochrane at Crichton Lodge; Senator and Mrs. Sheehy of Quebec, the guests of Hon. X. A. and Madame Pelcourt; Mrs. Riddell of Boston, the guest of Mrs. H. P. Graves, Dr. and Mrs. Bell have Mr. Tristram Edwards of Newcastle-on-Tyne with them for a while. Miss Maud Stevenson and Miss Maud Sewell of Quebec arrived on Friday to pay a visit to Mrs. Montizambert, and will remain for the Beckett-Montizambert wedding on June 1. Captain Frank and Mrs. Cartwright arrived lately on the "Lake Erie" from a visit to Mrs. Cartwright's parents, and are with Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright. Mrs. Cheney is entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Jones of Boston, and on Wednesday gave a delightful dinner party in their honor, following it on the next day with a luncheon party of eight ladies, who were invited specially to meet Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cannon of Quebec are with Mrs. Cannon's parents, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Hyde-Pearson of Japan, who is a visitor at the Russell, has kindly consented to give a talk on that flowery country, in aid of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and although never before having spoken in public, Mrs. Pearson's discourse is certain to be exceedingly interesting, as she has been living in Japan for the last twelve years, and is thoroughly conversant with the habits and mode of living of the Japanese. On Friday Mrs. Alcock was the hostess of a bright little tea at her beautiful residence, Buena Vista, in honor of Mrs. Hyde-Pearson, who wore on the occasion a handsome gown of deep ecru lace, trimmed with exquisite Japanese embroidery. The house was decorated throughout with profusions of apple-blossoms.

A Diamond Tiara.

A New York millionaire's wife is wearing a diamond tiara about which she tells an amusing anecdote. Last summer the wife was abroad, and her husband told her she could buy a tiara if the price was not exorbitant. The woman selected a beauty in Paris, and cabled a description: "Tiara with pearl tip. Price, \$5,000 francs." The husband replied: "No. Price too high." But the woman misread the objecting cable message. She thought her husband's stocks were on the advance, and

that he signified his generosity by cabling "No price too high." Instead of buying the tiara for \$5,000 francs she selected a handsome set of gems for 125,000 francs, or \$25,000.

Hotel Han'an.

Hanlan's Point Hotel will be under new management this season. For terms apply Mrs. Sutton, late of Centre Island, at Hotel Hanlan. Open June 1.

Foolish Originality.

"ORIGINALITY" is one of the shibboleths of the time. "Don't be afraid to state and stand by an original idea," newspapers are saying to their readers, professors to their classes, parents to their children. "There are too many imitators and commonplace people," assert these counselors, journalistic, pedagogical and parental. "Strike away from the beaten path, cut out your own way, follow your own judgment, never mind what other people say or do."

This is very good advice to give to geniuses, but is it suited to the ordinary reader, pupil or child? It is all very well to be original and to follow one's own judgment, but originality is not entirely a matter of trying, and one's own judgment may be wrong. There are, indeed, a great many imitators and commonplace people, but that is because most people are made to be imitators and are naturally commonplace.

We speak of originality as though it were a virtue in itself, but do we reflect that there is originality that is far less desirable than commonplace-ness? It is well to be original if we have the intellectual backing to support it, but the person with commonplace brains striving to be original is a pitiable spectacle too often thrust into the view. People nowadays are goaded into endeavors to attain originality. A man, fashioned for a commonplace career, is not permitted to plod along in an agreeable rut, doing what other people do, and following the line of least resistance. He is continually being urged by someone—a wife, a friend, a parent, an editorial writer or a college president—to be original, to do something that other people don't do, and he feels under a continual obligation to differentiate himself from his neighbors. In the effort to accomplish this differentiation he frequently makes a fool of himself; but no matter, for if sanity is commonplace, is it not the duty of each one of us to play the lunatic? Consequently one finds people doing every manner of mad prank in order to appear to be original. A writer, disdaining correctness as commonplace, adopts an affected diction and poses as an "original" on the strength of his defiance of grammar and common sense. Such a writer commits the error of supposing that the commonplace is necessarily to be abhorred. It may be a commonplace to say that two plus two makes four, but is that a sufficient reason for asserting that two plus two makes five and seventeen-nineteenth? To paint figures and landscapes correctly is doubtless academic and commonplace, but is that a reason why "originals" should paint the human body all out of drawing and picture grass as blue, water as red and trees as smudges of paint?

To be right is more important than to be original. While it may be slavish and weak to take all our opinions from tradition and, generally, from other people, it does not follow as a corollary that every opinion held commonly by other people is to be rejected. Old ideas are not necessarily wrong. People were not fools a hundred or a thousand years ago; at least, there were no more fools then than there are now. After all, the most original people are in madhouses, and the commonplace to sanity is closely allied. If one is to be original, let him confine his originality within the measure of reason, remembering that mere contrariness is not originality, and that one has no right to be original unless one can improve on the commonplace. It is commonplace to place to walk on one's feet and would be extremely original to reverse the custom and walk on one's hands; but who would advocate such manly amputation?

"Beggars" Bound for the Fair.

St. Louis has an opportunity to recite the nursery rhyme about the beggars coming to town most vociferously just now, for most of the "eggs," or professional beggars, of any standing in the under world are either in that city or bound there. The officers of the mendicancy police of the Charity Organization Society believe there are at least 4,000 professional beggars in St. Louis at the present time, 1,500 of whom are from the city and the country. More than 300 "eggs" have gone from this city alone by "fast freight."

About this time of the year many beggars are discharged from the work-houses, where they have been serving sentences during the winter months. Some whose terms will not expire for a month or two are making efforts to obtain parole, agreeing to leave the city immediately they are released. One beggar went so far as to write to a magistrate that if he were released an officer might be sent to see that he really bought a ticket and departed for the West. The officer to whom the letter was referred told the magistrate the "beggar" had means enough to leave the city in a Pullman car.

Most of the mendicants who have gone to St. Louis to "work" the Fair are the familiar type of fake cripples that used to be so common in the city's streets.—New York "Press."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Scott—May 21, at Granton, Mrs. James Scott, a daughter.
Angus—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. Fred W. Angus, a daughter.
Choat—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. J. F. Choat, a son.
Edgar—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. J. F. Edgar, a son.
Green—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Hartt, a son.
Hartt—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. Alan W. Hartt, a son.
Miller—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. W. H. D. Miller, a son.
Smith—May 19, Toronto, Mrs. Sidney Smith, a son.

Marriages

Parker—Steele—At Vancouver, B.C., on April 20th, Hazel Steele, only daughter of the late A. C. Steele, Esq., Toronto, to George Adamson Parker, Esq., son of Adamson Parker, Esq., Sheffield, Eng.
Cameron—Strang—Buffalo, N.Y., Helen Strang to Charles Cameron.
Rippon—Kilgus—May 25, Blinbrook, Catharine King to William Henry Rippon.
Robertson—Lawson—May 24, Toronto, Sarah Lawson to James Robertson.

Deaths

Chafee—May 25, Toronto, Charles Walter Chafee, M.D.
Christie—May 24, Toronto, Margaret Christie.
Donaldson—May 20, Frances Emily Donaldson.
Frost—May 24, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Ann Frost, aged 67 years.
Holland—May 23, Toronto, John Farncomb Holland, aged 21 years.
Joyce—Toronto, Joseph McNeil Joyce, aged 17 years.
Lumsden—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. James Lumsden, aged 78 years.
McFarlane—May 21, Toronto, Catharine McFarlane.
Page—May 21, Toronto, Eric Page, aged 9 years.
Paton—May 22, Toronto, Jennie Paton, aged 27 years.

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TENDERS FOR INDIAN LANDS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, marked on the envelope "Tender for Indian Lands," will be received by this Department until noon on Wednesday, the 1st day of June, 1904, for the following Indian Lands, being a portion of the Michil Indian Reserve, situated near Edmonton, T.P. 55, R. 27, W. 4 M., Pt. N.E. 1/4 Sec. 20, Pt. N.W. 1/4 Sec. 1, Pt. N.E. 1/4 Sec. 21, Sec. 23, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 23, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 22, and Sec. 28.
T.P. 54, R. 27, W. 4 M., Sec. 4, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 5, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 8, Sec. 16, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 17, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 20, Sec. 21, Sec. 23, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 23, Fr. E. 1/2 Sec. 22, S. 1/2 Sec. 23, and Fr. N. 1/2 Sec. 33.
T.P. 54, R. 27, W. 4 M., Lot A, Pt. S.E. 1/4 Sec. 4, Lot B, Pt. S.W. 1/4 Sec. 5.

Each tender shall contain an offer at a rate per acre for not more than one-quarter Section of land, and shall be accompanied by a cash deposit or an accepted check of at least 5 per cent. of the amount of the tender, which shall be forfeited to the Department in case tender fails to complete the purchase of the land.

TERMS OF SALE—One-fifth cash, upon advice of acceptance of tender, the balance in four equal instalments, with interest at the rate of five per cent. Any information regarding the land may be obtained upon application to the Indian Commissioner, Winnipeg, or to the undersigned.

The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.
J. D. McLEAN, Secretary.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 13th April, 1904.

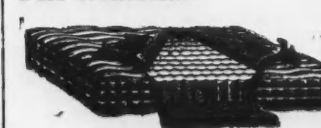
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Pinchin—May 20, Toronto, Florence Etta Pinchin.

Price—May 21, "Wolfesfield," Quebec, Charlotte Isabel Price, aged 67 years.

Rosin—May 5, Frankfurt, Germany, Julius Rosin.
Stotesbury—May 19, Barrie, Edward Neufeld Stotesbury, aged 50 years.

Welch—May 21, Toronto, Henry Welch, aged 69 years.

Wright—May 19, Toronto, Janet Dickson Wright, aged 88 years.

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